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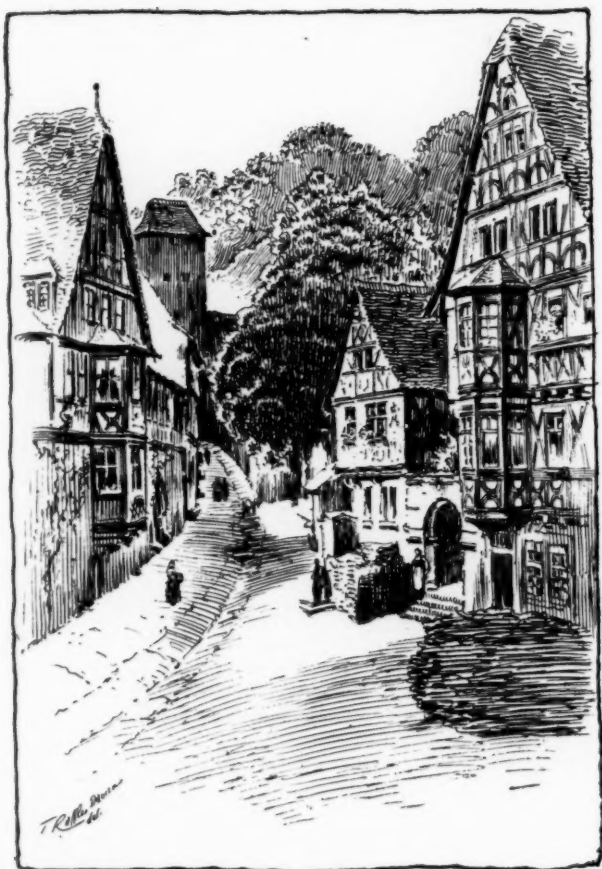
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JESSIE FOTHERGILL.

BY EDMUND MERCER.

UNLIKE Miss Jewsbury, who, it will be remembered, was a Lancashire novelist by reason only of her education and residence in the county during her period of literary activity, Miss Jessie Fothergill had that blessed privilege of having been born, not merely within the four corners of the shire, but within the radius of its brightest literary centre, Manchester; in which city most, though unfortunately not the best, of her many novels were written. She was born in 1851 at Fernacre Terrace, Cheetham Hill Road, and was the eldest daughter of her father, the late Thomas Fothergill, head of the merchant firm of Fothergill and Harvey, Manchester. Her mother was one of the daughters of a Burnley doctor, and Miss Fothergill was in the favoured position of being able to call the late John Bright uncle by courtesy, since his brother Thomas married Mrs. Fothergill's sister; and it may be partly due to this kinship that John Bright himself was so devoted an admirer of her Lancashire stories.

Soon after her birth her father went to live in Bowdon, and a few years later, while Jessie was a little schoolgirl, and all her brothers and sisters very young, he died, leaving his family in somewhat reduced circumstances. They then removed to a house connected with a Rossen-

dale Valley cotton mill, in which her father and his partner had interests. Here she spent many years, passing through the stress of the Cotton Famine, experiencing events and feelings so vividly reproduced a little later in some few of her novels. Of this part of her life she said to her friend and fellow-author, Mrs. Walford, "I well remember going home to this place for the Christmas holidays after my father's death, and being enchanted and delighted, despite the sorrow that overshadowed us, with the rough roads, the wild sweeping moors and fells, the dark stone walls, the strange, uncouth people, the out-of-the-worldness of it all. And the better I knew it the more I loved it, in its winter bleakness and its tempered but delightful summer warmth. I loved its gloom, its grey skies and green fields, the energy and the desperate earnestness of the people who lived and worked there. I photographed this place minutely under the name of "Hamerton" in my novel "Healey." I loved books and read all that I could get hold of, and have had many a rebuke for 'poring over those books' instead of qualifying myself as a useful member of society. Almost better, I loved my wild rambles over the moors, along the rough roads, into every nook and corner of what would have been a beautiful vale, the Todmorden Valley, if man had but left it as God made it. But I liked the life that was around me, too, the routine of the great cotton and flannel mills, the old habits, the queer sayings and doings of the work-people; I wove romances, wrote them down in an attic at the top of the house, dreamed dreams, and lived, I can conscientiously say, far more intensely in the lives and loves of my imaginary characters than even in the ambition of some day having name and fame."

It was amid these surroundings and in this fashion of life that Miss Fothergill wrought at her two earliest novels,

"Aldyth" and "Healey." The latter, though the second written, was the first to be published. It was entitled simply, "Healey: a Romance," and appeared in the regulation three volumes in 1875 under the auspices of Henry S. King and Co., of London. This was, as already mentioned, a story of Lancashire life, in which Rochdale is pictured as "Thanshope" (an uncouth and unnecessary name); and was anything but a success. The reason of its failure is not far to seek. With good counterpoise of circumstance, vivid description, and clearness of narration, its characters are too enthusiastically and needlessly morbid. The atmosphere is heavy from the beginning with the gloom of coming tragedy, not, however, absolutely unrelieved; but the soliloquies are so numerous, so reiterated, and the inward communings and heart-searchings so frequently repeated in almost verbatim phraseology, that the hero and heroine give one the impression that they often became confused with their own thoughts, and had to idle away occasional hours to disentangle them. It would be difficult indeed for an interested reader to imagine that the intensely pessimistic heroine, Katherine Healey, even though she eventually married the only man she could possibly and unreservedly love, would ever be bright. Happy she might be, with a kind of duty-happiness; but of pure joyousness she bears not a trace. This novel, owing to its non-success, went out of print; but eight years later, when Miss Fothergill had made her name, a demand for this work caused her to re-issue it, and in the preface of the 1883 edition (which it is but fair to her to quote) she says: "Though I am fully aware of its many defects, and of certain radical deficiencies of construction which no revision can alter or improve away, yet I venture to think it presents a picture of certain phases of Lancashire life, operative and other,

painted at a time when I lived amidst them and knew them intimately, which picture is rendered with a certain fidelity that may make it interesting to those who, like myself, belong to this race and love it, as being part and parcel of it, and knowing its virtues as well as its defects." It is a curious item to note that, in that country of scurrilous journalism, which also permits the open and unrestrained publication of licentious imitations of French novels saleable merely for their libidinousness (I allude to the United States), the controversy went on in the "Library Journal" (to literary persons here who know the absolute innocence of all Miss Fothergill's works, an amusing controversy) as to the purity of Miss Fothergill's novels, some of which had been placed on the black list of the "Co-operation Committee" (whatever that may be). None of the Committee had read any of her works, but had based their decision upon a portion of Mr. George Saintsbury's casual criticism of "Healey." No doubt a similar ignorance of Mr. Kipling's works has recently caused a repetition of this little incident in his case.

Miss Fothergill issued her second novel, "Aldyth; or, Let the End try the Man," in 1876 through the same publishers. As "Healey" was a story of family troubles in Lancashire, so was "Aldyth" in Cumberland. Both stories are similar in that respect, as also in the fact that if the brothers and sisters in the respective families had behaved in a less unreasonable fashion there would have been no story. The demand for this story at the time of its appearance was so small that it, too, followed the example of "Healey," and went out of print, to reappear only after its author's death in 1891. About this time she went with a sister and two friends to live in Dusseldorf on the Rhine, where, during her fifteen months' residence, her new life, the German musical life, manners, and

language, and the persons she met, inspired the motive for her third novel, "The First Violin," which was written and re-written on the spot. On her return to England she became a secretary to a country gentleman, and spent a considerable amount of time trying to induce some enterprising publisher to issue her new novel. "I went," she says (per Mrs. Walford in the New York "Critic"), "to the firm who had brought out my two former unlucky efforts, but they kindly and patiently advised me, for the sake of whatever literary reputation I might have obtained, not to publish this novel. Much nettled, I replied somewhat petulantly that I acknowledged their right to refuse it, but not to advise me in the matter, and I added that I would publish it. Another firm made it a rule never to bring out novels except of some promise. Mine was said to be 'up in the clouds,' while at the same time 'below their mark.' Finally Mr. Bentley took pity on it, and ran it through "Temple Bar." Since that time I never experienced any difficulty in disposing of my wares." Herein was Mr. Bentley (who, by the way, was for many years Ainsworth's publisher) wiser in his generation than the other publishers who had the same opportunity. The novel, successful in "Temple Bar" for 1878, he published in October of the same year in three volumes, a reprint being necessary in the following December. Finding its reputation established and the demand increasing, the lucky publisher then placed it in the list of his "Standard Novels," issuing a one-volume edition in May, 1879, which was reprinted in 1880, 1882, 1883, 1885, 1891, 1892, and 1894, and shortly after the Bentley business was transferred to Macmillans, the latter firm published a few months ago a sixpenny edition—in all, eleven editions or printings, exclusive of its serial form. This novel its author dedicated to her father's old friend

and partner, Mr. Harvey. The appreciation of it may readily be understood, as it is by far the best novel she ever wrote, and (in spite of glaring defects in its narration) its simplicity of circumstance and language, the purity and honour of its characters, and the quiet development of its ingenious, and occasionally idyllic, story are sufficient to gave it high rank among English novels. Its chief, perhaps its only real, fault rests in its method of narration. There is always a danger of egotism and monotony in a novel in the first person singular. These Miss Fothergill has happily avoided. But it is a shock to continuity of thought and to art, as well as an unpleasant surprise to the reader, to find (there being no information on the matter) that Books I. and II. are told by May Wedderburn; that the "I" in the Book II., without the slightest hint or warning as to the change, represents Herr Elfen, who, we are left to discover, begins his story two years earlier than Chapter I., Book I., and that some of the chapters in the remaining books are by the lady narrator and some by the gentleman. Readers like surprises and mysteries, but they do not care to be mystified for even two lines as to who relates the tale. Miss Fothergill has here imitated one of the faults of Dickens and Wilkie Collins, both of whom, however, had the grace to name the speaker. In "*Bleak House*," "*Esther Summerson's Story*, continued," headed the necessary chapters; whilst in the "*Moonstone*" and the "*Woman in White*," Wilkie Collins, like the lawyer he was, called his witnesses by name before taking their evidence. Having said this, it must be admitted that a novel that can overcome such faults is a clever one, and of the "*First Violin*" this can safely be affirmed.

In Miss Fothergill's next novel she reverted once more to Lancashire for her scenery and incidents. "*Probation*,"

published in three volumes in 1879 by Bentleys, was a story of the Lancashire Cotton Famine of 1861-3, with a sprinkling of German character and language, the author not having "got away" from her previous novel and her memory of the Fatherland sufficiently to eliminate the German element altogether. Rochdale, disguised once more unnecessarily as Thanshope, and Manchester again play the background very prominently; and, whether by accident or with the intention of improving upon "Healey," all the chief personages of the later romance have their counterparts in the earlier one, though with a differentiation here and there in their characters, and in the series and sequence of their actions. In this book the author is so true to herself and her recollections that the reading of it acts upon one as a continuation of "Healey," or as a contemporaneous happening in Thanshope. On its appearance the novel was highly praised, the critic of the "Spectator" going so far as to say, "Altogether, 'Probation' is the most interesting novel we have had for some time. We closed the book with real regret and a feeling of the truest admiration for the power which directed and the spirit which inspired the writer, and with the determination, moreover, to make the acquaintance of her other stories." It is evident that the readers of "Temple Bar" could not have too much of Miss Fothergill's work, and it was fortunate for them that their favourite author's energy kept pace with their admiration. The year following "Probation," saw the serial issue of "The Wellfields," which, later in the same year (1880) Messrs. Bentley issued in three volumes. This was succeeded in 1881 by "Kith and Kin" in serial, and then in three-volume form from the same press. Again we have something of Lancashire to hear about, though it is of small importance. The story opens with a big political meeting at the Pomona Palace

in Manchester, though why Miss Fothergill chose, after openly mentioning Manchester in three of her earlier novels, to hide its identity as "Irkford"—a small name for a big place—and the Palace, as the Palace of Ceres, it is difficult to guess, unless she was afraid that her London and ultra-Lancashire readers might grow tired of the same backcloth for the play. From Manchester the story moved to "Scarfoot," a house with which Miss Fothergill had personal relations, since it was really Carr End in Wensleydale, a house formerly belonging to her paternal ancestors, a yeoman and Quaker family; and "to those yet left who knew 'Scarfoot' as it used to be," she inscribed this novel. In 1882, having been asked to contribute to Bentley's Empire Library, "Temple Bar" was short of a serial from her pen, but she produced in place of a novel two single-volume stories, "Made or Marred," and "One of Three." A year of enforced holiday through illness intervened, and then in 1884 another of her three-deckers was issued by Bentleys, entitled "Peril," which by no means equalled its predecessors. Miss Fothergill's never brilliant health had broken down, and writing became more laborious, however willingly her imagination worked. Only every alternate year now did a story appear, and, with two exceptions, Messrs. Bentley were the publishers. In 1886 she produced "Borderland: a Country Town Chronicle." In 1888, "From Moor Isles" and "Lasses of Laverhouse" (a story which was the third she wrote, though this was its first appearance in print), and in 1890 "A March in the Ranks" through Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, Miss Jewsbury's early publishers. These novels (omitting the "Lasses of Laverhouse") were all more or less successful, and contemporary criticism on the whole "spake them fair," though there was about them something too much of the patronising, patting-on-the-back

style for a writer of the breadth and experience of Miss Fothergill, who was nothing unless vigorous. About this period Miss Fothergill's physical condition having gone from bad to worse, she left her house in Dover Street, Manchester, for the Continent, where she continued her writing for a few months; but she had seen her last novel in print, for her next one she was destined not so to see, as she died in harness suddenly at Berne on July 28th, 1891, in her fortieth year. The manuscript she left was that of "Oriole's Daughter," published by Heinemann in three volumes in March, 1893, a new edition appearing in October, 1893, which was reprinted last year (1899); and thus, in her fifteen years of literary life, she wrote an average of one novel per year, besides many essays and articles for various magazines, including the "Manchester Weekly Times." And in none of them, brisk, vigorous as they were, and straight as they aim at the weaknesses and follies of mankind, is there a single phrase at which, pruriency to the contrary notwithstanding, as a lawyer might say, a schoolgirl need blush.

It does not follow because this series of papers bears the general heading, "Lancashire Novelists," that those novelists were all of a piece in weft or warp, either in their methods, their literary position, or their fame. One feeling they had in common, and they expressed it in their lives whether they did so in their writings or not, their love of Lancashire and its immediate neighbouring shires, its people, and its history. Ainsworth wrote of Lancashire from the historical standpoint, and only so far as its history was that of the whole kingdom; and in return he is best known for those novels which dealt with that part of English history which did not affect Lancashire. Mrs. Banks's Lancashire history is purely local, and her, perhaps unintentional, insistence on this localisation has limited her

audience to local readers, although her skill in characterization and story telling is worthy of wider bounds. Miss Jewsbury's love for Lancashire, or rather Manchester, was absolutely personal, and did not extend, if I remember aright, to even so little as a paragraph in any novel except "*Marian Withers*," which was more or less a problem novel dealing with cotton factories in Lancashire, and those, perhaps, only because they were nearer to her door than the lace works of Nottingham or the silk factories of Spitalfields or Coventry. The same plea for the "betterment of the working class" would have been quite as effective to the kingdom in one locality as another. The sentiments, ideas, and stories of both Waugh and Brierley are world-wide in their naturalness and sympathies, but the manner, language and standpoint of those sentiments, ideas, and stories are impossible outside the Palatinate. They are uncompromisingly local. Miss Fothergill and Mrs. Gaskell seem to me to be the two most literary of the many Lancashire novelists. Both could be, and were at times, thoroughly local, and yet their art was of that nature that it could reach beyond locality, and their descriptions, characterizations, and even plots, though as local as it was possible for them to be, were evidently as widely appreciated by all English readers as by those who lived on the thresholds of the events. The novels of both authors are read all the world over; even Tauchnitz has an edition of both, as though there were no such place as Lancashire.

Miss Jewsbury was more masculine than either, and was Lancashire only in respect of her education and the major part of her literary life. As a literary personage she left a greater name and made a higher mark than either of her two successors. In "*Marian Withers*" she advocated a cause far more brilliantly and effectively than perhaps

Mrs. Gaskell or Miss Fothergill could have done; but then "Marian Withers" is less a novel than a review article, and was as ephemeral; fortunate in dying only when its object was well begun. "Healey" and "Probation," the two novels by Miss Fothergill which bear sufficient resemblance to "Marian Withers" to afford comparison, are on an entirely different plane. They are similar in many respects, even to the district chosen as the scenery of the books; but Miss Jewsbury's work was deeper, more searching, more vital than either of those of Miss Fothergill. The latter are more interesting as stories, but as stories only, and perhaps, after all, this is the chief end of the novel, a matter which needs no discussion for the moment.

Miss Fothergill's position among her contemporaries was a high one. She cannot in the smallest degree be classified with the writers of obstetric fiction, in spite of the "Co-operation Committee" aforesaid. Her place, a high one withal, is among authors of the calibre of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Mrs. Woods, and Lucas Malet. As the Rev. W. A. O'Connor (an admirer of Miss Fothergill's work) has concisely put it, "her stories turn on idiosyncrasy of character, not on singularity of circumstance. The moral is exhibited not by one-sided representation, but by impartially distributed light. The fictions of society are exposed, not by extravagance of passion, but by penetrating to the common nature that lies under the mask of conventionality." By a fulsome critic she has been called a "pleasant" writer, which is very cold praise. She wrote one story, to which, among many other qualifications, that of "pleasant" may attach, "The First Violin." To no others can that word apply. Rather than pleasant, they are all more or less melancholy, some to the verge of pessimism, with the pain of tragedy underlying even the

humour, the grimness of which rather adds to than detracts from the earnestness of the tale. We may call Shakespeare "one of the pleasantest of English writers," but we should be afraid to say that "Measure for Measure," "The Winter's Tale," or "All's Well," were simply "pleasant." Yet each contains a fund of humour, a quality which pertained to Miss Fothergill to no mean extent. We find her saying of a hypocritical collier-preacher, "He had put on his Sunday clothes, and with them his Sunday manner, the manner with which he was wont to kneel down and utter a carefully prepared extempore prayer." In reference to another clerical gentleman who had a desire to see some collieries, the manager is told, "'I want to let this gentleman see over the works; he does not want to go down into the pit.' A startled expression on the Rev. Mr. Harper's face seemed to say that the words were familiar to him. He might have heard them in dreams, or he might have said them in sermons. Who shall say?" Alluding to the shore of a Welsh sea village (in the early seventies), she mentions "an old wooden bench, one of the two which had been erected by an enterprising spirit some years ago, in the idea Penfynlas was on the way to becoming a fashionable watering-place" and in reference to a boy's impression of lovers, she observes that them "he regarded as a curious variety of idiot," with a reminiscence of a famous theory of Shakespeare, or rather one of his immortals. Miss Fothergill's style has nothing mawkish, sentimental, or particularly feminine about it (except, perhaps, a certain modicum of bad grammar that, according to Carlyle, his own wife was incapable of recognising if she saw it). With considerable masculine vigour, it is direct, brusque, inclusive, too explicative for thought, halting at times when Miss Fothergill, suffering from the peculiarly feminine partiality for

gossip, must, in her own person, tell all she knows of her characters, and what they think, insisting on leaving nothing to your imagination, except, curious vagary for a woman novelist, the frocks they wore. She committed several solecisms (such as—I mention but one—allowing “the February sun” to shine between Christmas and New Year), which a careful revision would have obliterated, and she often had that unliterary, unpardonable, and most irritating habit of substituting a dash for the name of a person, place, or date, when the blanks might, and ought, to have been easily filled.

Although Miss Caroline Fothergill was her sister and sister-novelist, they do not seem to have acquired the writing habit by heredity, except in so far as a fondness for reading might produce the desire to write. Miss Fothergill once remarked that one of her ancestors was a missionary and a Friend, and published two or three volumes of sermons, which are seldom literature; and another, a Doctor Fothergill (mentioned in Horace Walpole's letters) wrote a few professional treatises, which were medicine.

Several of Miss Fothergill's novels are now out of print, and I think the demand for them is hardly likely to warrant a re-issue. Still, there are half a dozen of her best constantly asked for, and as often reprinted; and, though it is possible that most of these will in a few years' time have become old-fashioned, there is that of beauty, sweetness, and brilliance in “The First Violin” that will preserve its fragrance fresh and keep green the memory of its author when the others are forgotten.





LANCASHIRE HUMOUR, WITH EXAMPLES.

BY THOMAS NEWBIGGING.

"Come, Robin, sit deawn, an' aw'll tell thee a tale."

—*Songs of the Wilsons.*

IT would not be difficult to make a collection of anecdotes and dramatic incidents relating to Lancashire life and character sufficient to fill a goodly volume. The book would be an entertaining one, and, besides the wholesome amusement which its perusal would afford, it would have value as illustrating certain phases of a virile and otherwise important section of the people that go to make up the inhabitants of this island of ours.

Such a volume would exhibit the genuine homeliness and simplicity of the people of Lancashire as well as their native shrewdness and strength of character; their kindness of heart; their natural insight and aptitude; their characteristic humour—for the gracious gift of humour is theirs in a remarkable degree—their flashes of wit and repartee; their peccadilloes and graver faults, as well as their many admirable virtues; their strenuous working lives and their abandonment to play as occasion serves—for it is a marked feature of Lancashire people that they work hard and play hard. Even the words of the way-faring men, though fools—the ludicrous conclusions and sayings of the half-witted among them—those of whom it is said in the vernacular that "they have a slate off and one slithering," are often sufficiently amusing to be worth putting on record.

There have been many observant gleaners in these fruitful Lancashire fields, John Collier (Tim Bobbin), Edwin Waugh, Ben Brierley, Oliver Ormerod, Miss Lahee, Samuel Laycock, Trafford Clegg, and other writers have done much to illustrate the character and habits of the people of the County Palatine in their sketches, stories, and songs, and we are grateful for the rich legacy which these departed writers have left us. But there is great abundance of good things still ungarnered, in the way of racy anecdotes, wise apothegms, and striking sayings all too good to be lost, as may indeed be their fate unless pains are taken to record them in permanent form.

True, the subject of Lancashire character, with its manifestations of pathos or humour, may not be one of any great profundity. That is not any part of the claim we make. It may even be considered trivial by some. Those, however, who take such a view, if there be any such, are surely lacking in breadth of vision. To do what we suggest might be done would be to come nearer to the hearts of a people and their ways of thinking than is possible in the higher and broader flights of the more general historian. And, indeed, the work of the humble gleaner often assists the more ambitious and dignified chronicler of the history of his country. The ways of thinking of the people, and also the subject-matter of their thoughts may be good, or they may be common-place, or they may be mean, but to enter into their thoughts so as to get at their spirit would help at least to an understanding of them.

Is this claiming too much for my subject? Well, at least I can say without fear of contradiction, that a pleasant hour may be spent in rehearsing, and in listening to, these racy Lancashire stories.

But admitting for a moment the triviality of the subject,

we cannot always be sitting, like Jove, on the heights of Olympus; and even when in loftier mood we do emulate the high emprises of the gods, we are fain to descend at times, and there is true wisdom in so descending, to refresh ourselves with a touch of mother earth, to seek in the vale below that necessary relaxation from the strain and stress of high thinking.

When all is said and done, a collection of the kind suggested would be a contribution to an important branch of folk-lore and folk-speech, and in that respect, if in no other, would be widely acceptable.

It is not, of course, pretended that all the anecdotes which I am about to relate, and many others which might be collected, are new. Some of them are "chestnuts," I am aware, though chestnuts are generally good or they would not be chestnuts, but they illustrate certain traits of character, and that is a sufficient reason for reproducing them. It is almost impossible to recount a story that someone may not have heard before. Even these however, will probably be new to some of my readers, and so in that way the balance is rectified. Neither are we prepared to vouch for the absolute truth of all the stories. A few of them, either in whole or in part, are probably due to an effort of the imagination. In that sense they are true, and certainly they are characteristic of individuals whom we all know, and who, from our experience of their eccentricities, might safely be set down as the actors in them.

We have it on the authority of Shakespeare that a jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it. This is generally so, and especially in those instances where the jest, or the story, is clothed in dialect, and depends for its full appreciation on a knowledge by the listener of the peculiar characteristics of those from whom it emanates.

For this reason it is doubtful whether, say, the people of the southern portion of the island are able to enter into, so as to fully enjoy, our more northerly humour, just as we may not be able to thoroughly enjoy theirs. Antipathy, also, to a particular form and mode of spelling and pronunciation intervenes to prevent full enjoyment on both sides. For this reason the writers in dialect are placed at a disadvantage as regards the extent of their audience. Many of the best things are caviare to the general, or rather, to the particular.

Lancashire has from time immemorial been famous for its mathematicians, botanists, and naturalists among the humbler ranks, and Crabtree as an astronomer has his niche in the Temple of Fame. There was another worthy of rather a different stamp who professed acquaintance with that sublime science, astronomy, though his credentials will hardly be considered sufficient to justify the claim. Jim Walton was a well-known character, at one time living at Levenshulme. Modest enough when sober, when he had imbibed a few glasses of beer Jim professed to be great in the mysteries of "Ass-tronomy." The names of the planets, their positions and motions in the heavens, were as familiar to him as the dominoes on the tap-room table, and he knew all the different groups of stars and their relative positions. One night Jim was drinking in the village "pub." with a number of boon companions--topers like himself--and the conversation, as was usual when he was present, got on to the stars and other heavenly bodies, on which Jim expatiated at length. A mischievous doubt, however, was expressed by one of the company, whether, after all, Jim really knew as much about astronomy as he professed to do. So, to maintain his reputation by proving his knowledge, Jim made a bet of glasses round with his opponent that the moon would

rise at a quarter-past nine o'clock that night. Accordingly, about ten minutes before the time named, the company all staggered out into the backyard to see the moon rise as predicted. "Now then, chaps, look here!" cried Jim. "Let's have a fair understandin'. Recollect, it's on th' owd original moon 'at awm betting, noan o' yor d——d new ones!" Needless to say that this was a poser for their bemuddled brains, and with sundry expletives at Jim and the qualification he had announced, they all staggered back to their places in the more comfortable tap-room.

Jim's idea of "th' owd original moon," and his thorough contempt for quarter and half moons, strikes one as irresistibly funny. We can imagine the new light that would dawn on the minds of the half-fuddled roysterers as he announced his reservation in favour of the whole or none.

However prejudiced, as a rule, the British workman may be against the introduction of labour-saving appliances in the way of automatic machinery, circumstances sometimes arise when even he can fully appreciate their value and advantages. This will appear by the following characteristic anecdote. An Oldham man, who, for some misdemeanour, had found his way into Preston House of Correction, was put on to the tread-mill. After working at it for some time, till his back and legs ached with the unwonted exercise, he at length exclaimed: "Biguy, if this devil had been i' Owdham, they'd a had it turned bi' pawer afore now!"

Another good story of an Oldham man is the following. At one of the Old Trafford county cricket matches, I overheard a conversation that took place between two Oldhamers. A pickpocket, plying his avocation, had been caught in the act of taking a purse, and quite a commotion was created in that corner of the field, as the thief was

collared by a detective and hauled away to the police station. Says the Oldham man to his friend, who was seated next to him: "Sharp as thoose chaps are, they'd have a job to ta' my brass. Aw'll tell thi what aw do, Jack, when aw come to a place o' this sooart; aw sticks mi brass reet down at th' bottom o' mi treawsers pocket, and then aw puts abeaut hauf a pint o' nuts at top on't; it ta'es some scrawpin' out, aw con tell thee, when tha does that."

Pigeon fancying and flying is an absorbing pursuit with many of the Wigan colliers. Men otherwise ignorant (save of their daily work in the mine) are profoundly versed in the different breeds and capabilities of the birds. The training of them to fly long distances on their return to their lofts, and within a comparatively brief space of time, is a passion which absorbs all their thoughts. One such enthusiastic pigeon-flyer was lying sick unto death, with no prospect of recovery. The parson paid him a visit and endeavoured to turn his thoughts to his approaching end. The casual mention of Heaven and the angels interested the dying man. He had seen angels depicted in the picture books with wings on their shoulders. An idea struck him, and he enquired: "Will aw ha' wings, parson, when aw get to Heaven?" "Yes, indeed," replied the parson, willing to humour and console him as best he might. "An' will yo ha' wings too when you get theer?" "Oh, yes. I'll have wings too—we'll both have wings." "Well, aw tell thi what," said the dying pigeon fancier, his eye brightening as he spoke. "Aw' tell thi what, parson; when tha comes up yon, aw'll flee yo' for a sovereign!" A striking example of the ruling passion strong in death.

It is well known also that an admiration for dogs of a high quality, not less than for pigeons, is a weakness of the Lancashire collier, who will spend a small fortune to

gratify his taste in this direction. A Tyldesley collier had a favourite bull-dog. This canine fancier with his dog and a friend were out for a ramble in the fields, and to make a short cut to get into the lane the friend began scrambling through a hole in the hedge. The dog, unable, it may be presumed, to resist the sudden temptation, seized the calf of the disappearing leg with a grip which caused the owner of the said leg to shriek with pain. Despite his frantic wriggles and yells the brute held fast, and its master, appreciating the situation, clapped his hands in enthusiastic admiration, at the same time calling out to his beleaguered companion, "Thole it, Bill! Thole it, mon! Thole it! It'll be th' makin' o' th' dog!"

Another such, on returning home and finding that the day's milk had disappeared from the milk-basin, angrily enquired what had become of it, and receiving for answer from his better-half that she had "gan it to th' childer for supper," exclaimed, "Childer be hang'd! tha should ha' gan it to th' bull pup!"

It is surprising how a person of regular habits feels the lack of any little comforts and companionships to which he has been accustomed. A Lancashire collier had lost a favourite dog by death that, on Saturday afternoons and Sundays, he had been in the habit of taking with him for a stroll. An acquaintance coming along the road met the bereaved collier trundling a wheel-barrow. "What's up wi' thae, Bob—what ar' t' doin' wi' th' wheel-barrow, and on good Sunday, too?" "Well, thae sees," replied Bob, "aw've lost mi dog, an' a fellow feels gradely lonesome 'bout company, so aw've brought mi wheelbarrow out for a bit of a ramble."

Certain shrewd remarks are sometimes made which imply a good deal more than they express. The following will illustrate what I mean. As justifying the regret-

able fact that men who have risen from the ranks, and having attained to opulence, are often found to change their politics, I have heard a "Radical" defined as "A Tory 'beawt brass." This is akin to John Stuart Mill's specious saying, that some men were Radicals because they were not lords.

Alluding to the recent death of a person of wealth, whose character was not of the best, a Lancashire man remarked: "Well, if he took his brass wi' him, it's melted by this time!"

Waugh used to tell the story of a man having run to catch a train, and being just in time to see it leaving the station, puff, puff, puff, he stood looking at it for a second or two, and then gave vent to his injured feelings by saying: "Go on! tha greyt puffin' foo', go on! Aw con wait!"

The girl at the Christmas soiree was pressed to take some preserves to her tea and bread and butter. "No, thank yo'," she responded, "aw works wheer they maks it!"

Old stingy Eccles was talking one day to his coachman, whom he was trying to impress with his own super-excellent quality, though he had never used his old Jehu over well in the matter of wages. "John," he said, to his coachman, "there's two sorts of Eccleses, there's Eccleses that are angels, and Eccleses that are devils." "Ay, maister," responded John, "an' th' angels ha' been deod for mony a year!"

A temperance meeting was being held in a Lancashire villiage, and one of the speakers, waxing eloquent, not to say pathetic, exclaimed: "How pleased my poor dead father must be looking down on me, his son, advocating teetotalism from this platform!" One of the audience, interrupting the speaker, rose and interjected: "Nay, nay,

that'll do noan, mon; if aw know'd thi feythur reet when he're alive, he's moar like lookin' up than deawn!"

An expressive Lancashire saying is that, "He hangs th' fiddle at th' dur sneck." Applied to a person who is all life and gaiety when with his boon companions, but sullen and sour of temper at home.

Attempting to cross a busy thoroughfare in front of a moving omnibus with an impetuous friend, the cautious Lancashire man will say: "Nay, howd on! There's as mitch room behint as before." And in response to one who is exaggerating in his language: "Come! tha's said enough, tha'rt o'er doin it, owd lad; there's a difference between scrattin' yor yead and pullin' th' hair off!"

There is sarcastic humour, also, in the remark made to one who had just buried his uncle; the latter when alive having been something of a rake. "I've known worse men, John, than your uncle." "Oh, I'm glad to hear you speak so well of my uncle," was the response of the other, with just a touch of surprise in his look. "Ay," continued the first speaker, "I've known worse men than your uncle, John, but not so very many!"

The Lancashire dialect occasionally finds its way into the British House of Parliament to point a moral or adorn a tale. Recently, Mr. Duckworth, M.P. for Middleton, told with effect the anecdote about Sam Brooks and his advice to his brother John on the latter being asked to stand as a City Councillor.*

Lord Derby (the Rupert of Debate), many years before, related the following story in the House, greatly to the amusement of their lordships. In the neighbourhood of Rochdale a big hulking collier had an extremely diminutive wife, who, it was currently reported, was in the habit of thrashing her husband.

* See "Lancashire Characters and Places."

"John," said his master to him one day, "they really say that your wife beats you. Is it true?"

"Ay, aw believe it is," drawled John, with provoking coolness.

"Ay! you believe it is!" responded the master. "What do you mean, you lout? A great thumping fellow like you, as strong as an elephant, to let a little woman like your wife thrash you!"

"Whaw," was the patient answer, "it ple-ases hur, maister, an' it does me no hurt!"

The Rifle Volunteer Movement, with its excellent motto, "Defence, not Defiance," has stood the test of time, having proved itself to be not only an ornamental but a useful and even necessary arm of defence, where, as in this free country, a levy by conscription would not be tolerated. In its early stages, however, it encountered much opposition from many persons, who treated it with ridicule, and took every opportunity of speaking contemptuously of the "Saturday afternoon soldiers." This is well illustrated in a story told by the late Mr. John Bright. Speaking to an old fellow-townsmen in Rochdale about the movement at the time of its initiation, when corps were being formed throughout the country, and enrolment was proceeding briskly: "Yea," said the old Lancashire man to Mr. Bright, "I always knew there wur a lot o' foo's i' this world, but I never knew how to pyke 'em out afore!"

Mr. Bright himself had a fund of Lancashire humour which came out at times in his speeches. He was also quick at repartee. On one occasion, when he was dining with a well-known Manchester citizen, the conversation turned to the subject of the growth and development of the United States. "I should like," said his host, who is an enthusiastic admirer of the great republic, "I should like to come back fifty years after my death to see what a

fine country America has become." "I believe you will be glad of any excuse to come back," was Mr. Bright's wicked remark.

One of Disraeli's admirers, in speaking of him to Mr. Bright, said: "You ought to give him credit for what he has accomplished, as he is a self-made man." "I know he is," retorted Mr. Bright, "and he adores his maker."

Lancashire humour, though hilarious, is largely unconscious; the unconsciousness resting with the originator and the hilarity with the auditory. In this respect it is allied to Irish more than to Scotch humour, the former having a rollicking and blundering quality, the latter being more subdued, pawky, and intentional. The following were not intended as humorous sallies, and, indeed, they are humorous only from the point of view of the intelligent observer or listener. In other words, the jest's prosperity lay in the ear of him that heard it.

The late esteemed Bishop of Manchester, Dr. Fraser, whose genial and kindly disposition was well known and appreciated, was one day walking along one of the poorer streets in Ancoats, and seeing two little gutter boys sitting on the edge of the pavement busy putting the finishing touches to a mud house they had made, stopped, and speaking kindly to the urchins, asked them what they were doing.

"We've been makin' a church," replied one of them.

"A church!" responded the Bishop, much interested, as he stooped over the youthful architects' work. "Ah! yes, I see. That, I suppose, is the entrance door" (pointing with his stick). "This is the nave, these are the aisles, there the pews, and you have even got the pulpit! Very good, my boys, very good. But where is the parson?"

"We ha' not gettin' muck enough to mak' a parson!" was the reply.

The answer was one which the good Bishop would much enjoy, for he had a happy sense of humour. Patting the heads of the urchins he bade them be good boys and gave them each a coin. As he strode along the street the unconscious humour of the artists in mud must have greatly tickled him.

During the recent strike of the Lancashire colliers, coal was scarce and dear, and those who had anything of a stock in their back-yards had to keep an eye on it to prevent its being depleted by hands other than their own. One more fortunate than his neighbours had laid in a stock, but had reason to suspect that someone was helping himself to what wasn't his own—for his reserve of the precious fuel was evidently being tampered with. Accordingly one night he determined to sit up in the back kitchen, and find out, if possible, whether his suspicions were justified. Shortly he heard a rustling in the coal-bunk in the yard, and putting his head half out of the window, which he had left partly open, called out to the depredator, "You're pykin' 'em out, aw see!" "Nay, thou'rt a liar, owd mon," was the ready response, "Aw'm ta'en 'em as they come."

The thievish neighbour resented the imputation that he was "picking and choosing" instead of "playing faira-tion" by taking the small and the cobs together. Clearly he was not lost to all sense of honour. It would hardly have been fair to be picking and choosing under the circumstances. Beggars, much less thieves, have no right to be choosers.

Owd Sam, a well-known Bury character, was tired of being in the workhouse, and thought he would try and get a living outside, if he could. Passing by the "Derby" he saw Mr. Handley, the landlord, standing on the front steps. Seeing Owd Sam coming hobbling up the street, "Hillo!"

said Handley, "You're out o' th' workhouse again, Sam, I see!" "Ay, Maister Handley, aw am for sure, aw'm tiert o' yon shop, and aw've bin round to co' on some o' mi friends, an' they'n promised to buy me a donkey, but aw'm short ov a cart. Now, Maister Handley, if yo'd lend me as much as wod buy me a cart, aw'd pay yo' back again as soon as ever aw could. Aw want to begin sellin' sond, an' rubbin' stones, an' things o' that soart, just to mak' a bit ov a livin' wi', fur aw'm gradely tiert o' yon shop!" Well, well, Sam, but what security could you give me if I were to lend you the money?" "Aw just thou't yo' might ax me that," responded Sam, "an' aw've bin thinkin' abeaut it, an' aw'll tell yo' what aw'll do, Maister Handley; if yo'll lend me th' bit o' brass, thae shall ha' thi name painted up o' th' cart!"

To fully realise the ludicrous nature of Owd Sam's proposal, it should be noted that Mr. Handley was a smart, dapper, well-dressed personage, a man of substance withal, who knew his importance as the landlord of the "Derby," the chief hotel in the town.

Socialistic ideas have not taken very deep root among the masses in Lancashire. Such ideas, indeed, were more prevalently discussed ten years ago than they are to-day. Admirable as the propagandism is in many respects, and desirable in every sense as is the amelioration of the lot of working people, there is a tendency to drifting away from the saner precepts of its earnest advocates towards the levelling notions that engage the minds of the more ignorant and unscrupulous of its disciples. One of these had read, or had been told, that if all the wealth of England were divided equally amongst the people, the interest on each person's share would yield an income of thirty shillings a week for life. Our Lancashire socialist friend, expatiating upon the theme to some of his working

men associates, began to speculate upon how he would occupy his spare time when in the enviable position of having thirty shillings a week without working. One thing he would do; he would save something out of his allowance and make a trip by train to London at least once a year to feast his eyes upon the sights of the Metropolis. One of his listeners, however, demurred to the views expressed, suggesting that the train would have to be drawn by an engine, that this would require a driver and a stoker; a guard also would be necessary to manage the train, with others to attend to his comfort on arrival at his destination. These possibly would be as little inclined to work as himself. This view of the matter had not struck our leveller, but it was now brought home to him. It was a poser, so after ruminating for a moment, and scratching his head to assist at the solution of the difficulty, he responded: "Well, it seems that some jockeys would ha' to work, but aw would'nt!" That chap had evidently made up his mind.

The genuine Lancashire native is noted for his aptness in conveying the idea he wishes to express. Referring to a mild and open winter, one of them remarked, speaking to a friend, "I'm a good deal older than thee, Jim, and I've known now and then for a summer to miss, but I've never known a winter to miss afore." Another, winding up a wrangle with a relative who possessed more of this world's goods than himself and assumed airs in consequence, said, "We are akin; you cannot scat that out!"

Waugh is incomparable in his humorous ideas and touches and turns of expression, ludicrous many of them, but all rich in Lancashire humour and well calculated to excite the risible faculty. Speaking of a toper in one of his sketches, he says, "Owd Jack's throttle wur as druffy as a lime brunner's clog." Again: "Some folk are

never content; if they'd o' th' world gan to 'em, they'd yammer for th' lower shop to put their rubbish in!" Oatmeal he calls "porritch powder." Potatoes are "Irish grapes." Again: "Rondle o' th' Nab had a cat that squinted—it caught two mice at one go." Addressing his donkey, Besom Ben said: "Iv thae'd bin reet done to, thae met ha' bin a carriage horse bi neaw!" "Robin o' Sceawter's feyther went by th' name o' 'Cowd' an' Hungry,' he're a quarryman by trade; a long, hard, brown-looking felley, with een like gig-lamps, an' yure as strong as a horse's mane. He look'd as if he'd bin made out o' owd dur-latches an' reawsty nails. Robin tk' carrier, is his owdest lad, an' he favours a chap 'ats bin brought up o' yirth-bobs and scaplins." These are of course the merest sample of the many curious sayings and comparisons that are lavishly scattered through Waugh's pages.

To drop the aspirate is a common failing of half-educated Lancashire people (though this special weakness is by no means peculiar to Lancashire), and sometimes gives a ludicrous turn to a remark. Speaking with a working-man friend of mine about the desirability of everyone cultivating some pursuit or hobby outside of one's daily employment, "Ah," replied my friend, "a man with an 'obby is an 'appy man!" to which sensible opinion I assented with a smile. The same person, curiously enough, would put in the aspirate where it was not required. Looking at the picture of an ancient mansion, he asked, "Is that a hold habbey?" I have even heard a fairly well-educated person speak of the "Hodes of Orrace."

Jack Smith was a well-known Blackburn character in his day. He began life as a quarry-man, rose to be a quarry-master, and became Mayor of his native town. Mr. Abram, the historian of Blackburn, relates that, when in

February, 1869, Justice Willes came down to Blackburn to hear the petition against the return of Messrs. Hornby and Fielden at the Parliamentary election in the November preceding, Mayor Smith attained the height of his grandeur and importance. On the morning of the opening of the Court, the room was thronged with counsel, solicitors, witnesses and active politicians interested in the trial on one side or the other. The Mayor, Jack Smith, took his seat on the bench by the side of Justice Willes, who found the air of the Court rather too close for him. He was seen to say a few words in an undertone to the Mayor, who nodded assent, and rising, shouted in his heavy voice, pointing to the windows at the side of the Court: "Heigh, policemon, hoppen them winders, and let some hair in!" As he reseated himself, Jack added, chidingly, addressing the group of constables in attendance, "Do summut for yor brass!" Few of the audience could resist a laugh at the quaint idiom of the Right Worshipful, and even the Judge's severe features for a moment relaxed into a half-smile.

Another incident, given in "Punch," has reference to the same failing. The inspector had been visiting a school in which a Lancashire magnate took great interest, being something of an enthusiast in the educational movement. In commenting on the progress of the pupils in care of the schoolmistress, the inspector, on leaving, remarked to the patron of the school, "It strikes me that teacher of yours retains little or no grasp upon the attention of the children—not hold enough, you know—not hold enough." "Not hold enough!" exclaimed the magnate in surprise, "Lor' bless yer—if she ever sees forty again, I'll eat my 'at!" To fully convey the humour of the incident, however, Charles Keene's picture (for it is one of his) should accompany the recital.

Some illiterate men, again, are fond of using, or mis-using, big words. They are content, following the example of Mrs. Malaprop, that the sound shall serve just as well as the sense; for example, you will sometimes hear an old gardener remark that the soil wouldn't be any the worse of some "manceuvre." One that I knew used to talk of "consecrating" the footpaths. He meant "concreting."

A mechanic who was learned in the mysteries of steam-raising and steam-pressure, was wont to dilate on his favourite subject, and would persist in holding forth on what he described as "Th' expression up o' th' steam." Truly a nice "derangement of epitaphs."

A confusion of ideas sometimes extends to other subjects. Owd Pooter, the odd man who tidied up the stable yard and potted about the garden and farm, was troubled with the neighbours' hens getting into the meadow and treading down the young grass. So, speaking to his master one day, he said, "Maister, I durn't know what we maun do if those hens are to keep comin', scratt, scrattin' in th' meadow when they liken; we'st ha'e no grass worth mentionin'." "Put a notice up," suggested his employer. "Put a notice up!" responded Pooter, looking as wise as a barn owl. "Aye, maister, if aw did put a notice up there isn't one hen in a hundred as could read it!"

A praiseworthy devotion to their employers' interests is a marked feature in many of our Lancashire working men; and this devotion is all the more valuable when accompanied with intelligent observation, and the quality of saying the right thing at the right moment. My next story exemplifies this in a striking degree. Jim Shackleton, better known by the nickname of "Jamie go deeper," was a sturdy Lancashire ganger, honest and shrewd as they make 'em, a hard and steady worker—faithful and staunch and true to his employers. In his younger days

Jim had wielded the pick and spade and trundled the wheel-barrow, but at the time of which I speak he was the boss, or ganger, over a regiment of navvies. He used to speak of puddle and clay and earthwork as though he loved them.

Jim was employed on the Manchester Ship Canal when it was in course of construction down below Latchford Locks. The company, as is well known, had in several places to trench on private property which had to be purchased by agreement or on arbitration terms, and some of the owners of these lands—not over-scrupulous—valued them at fabulous sums, on account, as was asserted, of their prospective value as being favourably situated for building purposes, or because, as was alleged, of the valuable minerals in the ground. One such claim was being contested, and there were the usual arbitrators, umpire, and counsel, with a host of expert valuers on each side. The owner in this instance claimed that there was a valuable seam of coal underneath, and he had set men to make borings on the pretence of finding it.

Jim, who was employed, as I have said, by the Canal Company, had been subpoenaed by the owner of the land in question with a view to making him declare that he had seen this boring for coal going on in a field which he had to cross daily in going to and from his lodgings in the neighbourhood.

Counsel is questioning Jim after being sworn :

"Your name is James Shackleton?"

"For anything aw know it is," replied Jim.

"And you are employed as a ganger on this section of the Canal?"

"Aw believe aw am."

"And you lodge over here," pointing to a group of cottages shown on a map of the particular locality.

"Aw do," answered Jim.

"And you cross this field" (again pointing to the map) "daily—two or three times a day—going to and coming from your work?"

"Yea," was Jim's reply.

"And in going, and coming, you have, of course, seen men employed in boring for coal?"

"Naw, aw havn't," said Jim in reply, shaking his head.

"You have not seen men boring for coal in this particular field!" (again pointing to the place on the map).

"Naw," said Jim, stolidly.

"And yet you live here, and pass and repass this field several times a day!"

"Yea, aw do."

"And you actually tell me that you have never seen workmen boring for coal in this field?"

"Aw do," said Jim.

"Now, on your oath, be careful—have you not seen men engaged in making borings in this field?"

"Oh, ay," replied Jim, "aw've seed 'em boring."

Counsel smiled triumphantly, stretched himself up, and looked round the Court and towards the umpire with a self-satisfied air.

"You *have* seen them boring for coal then?"

"Naw," responded Jim, with an imperturbable face.

Counsel fumed, "You havn't seen them boring for coal?" (shaking his finger at Jim).

"Naw, not for coal. Aw have seen 'em boring, though."

"Then what the d—l were they boring for?"

"They wur boring for compensation."

That was sufficient, Jim had landed his salmon, and there was a shout of laughter in the court as the discomfited counsel resumed his seat. Jim was troubled with no more questions. His last answer put the value of the land

on its true basis. Humour is a wonderful lever in aiding the accomplishment of one's purpose. If Jim had bluntly expressed his opinion at the outset that this was a case of attempted imposition, the opinion would only have been taken for what it was worth, and the result might have been very different. The imperturbable way in which he led the learned counsel up to the climax, which, when reached, rendered further argument superfluous, was of the drollest.

The insular prejudice against the foreigner on the part of our working men is exemplified by a circumstance which occurred in my own experience. When I was engaged in certain engineering work in Brazil, I got out from Lancashire three skilled men to carry out a contract that I had in hand. They had been in that country for a few weeks, when I asked one of them how he liked the place. "Oh, tidy well," replied he, "it wouldn't be a bad place at all if there weren't so many d—d foreigners about!" Not for a moment recognising the fact that it was he who was the foreigner, and not the natives whom he affected to despise: a trait in our character which I opine is not confined to the lower classes whether in Lancashire or elsewhere in England.

The ludicrous situation in which Ben Brierley was one day placed was related to me by Ben himself. One Saturday afternoon Ben was passing along Piccadilly on the Infirmary side, and seeing an old woman with a basket of fine oranges before her—three for twopence—Ben selected three, for which he tendered a shilling, having no smaller coin. The orange vendor was unable to change it, but, unwilling to lose a customer, she whipped up the shilling, saying, "Wait here, Sir, and tent my basket while I run for change." Before Ben could expostulate, and

indeed, before he could realise the position, she was off to seek change for the shilling. For full five minutes Ben had to stand guard behind the basket. If he had not done so, its contents would have quickly been purloined by some of the mischievous lads always hanging about the Infirmary flags. Ben declared that during the interval, which seemed an age, he never before in his life felt so ridiculous and queer. The street was thronged with foot passengers, but fortunately none seemed to recognise "Ab o' th' Yate," though several of them cast sympathetic glances at the respectable-looking orange vendor.

Some of the older two-storied houses in Bolton at one time were let out in flats, the upper floor being reached by a flight of about a dozen or fifteen steps running up outside the gable. These were generally unprotected by a hand-rail, and even the landing at the top was equally unprotected and dangerous. Dick Windle, noted as much for his reckless character as his ready wit, was visiting an acquaintance whose domicile was reached by such a flight of steps as I have described. They had had a glass or two in the course of the evening, and, on leaving, Dick's head was none of the clearest, and although the night was not very dark, yet, emerging from the gas-lighted room, the steps were not discernible. Instead of turning to the left as he came out by the door on to the landing, Dick strode right off the landing edge in front of him, and came down with a crash to the bottom. Happily, except for a severe shaking, he was unhurt. Gathering himself up, and whilst yet on all fours, he called to his friend who was staring over the landing-edge in consternation at Dick's sudden disappearance, "D—n it, Bill! how many mooare steps is there o' this mak'?" The prospect of a dozen more of the same depth before he

could reach the street level, might well prompt the anxious question.

A little incident which occurred in my own experience is worth recording. Journeying one day to fulfil a professional engagement at Whittingham Lunatic Asylum, near Preston, I arrived at the Junction where passengers alight to reach the Asylum by the single line of railway which has been made expressly for that Institution.

It was a bleak winter's day, the sleet was driving before a north-west wind, and I turned into the waiting room at the station to warm myself at the fire, until the engine with its two carriages came up the branch line. I happened to be the only passenger that had come by the train. As I sat on the chair with my feet on the fender, a sturdy, middle-aged man joined me, and seated himself also on a chair, at the opposite side of the fireplace.

"Good morning," said I by way of introduction. He looked at me intently for a second or two, as if to take stock whether I was a possible lunatic on my way to the House, and then replied: "Same to yo," bending towards the fire and warming his hands.

"I suppose that is the lunatic asylum that we can see over yonder," jerking my thumb towards the window through which the asylum buildings were visible in the distance.

"Yai, it is," he replied, again looking intently at my face.

"There's a lot of mad folk in it, I suppose."

"Ay, there is," was the answer.

"More than two thousand," I remarked.

"Ay, mooar 'n two thousand."

Here there was a pause for a minute in our con-

versation when he blurted out with startling suddenness :
"Aw'm one o' th' mad uns!"

The information came upon me so unexpectedly and was conveyed with such emphasis, and in such a gruesome manner, that I could not help an involuntary start and an instinctive glance towards the waiting room door to see whether it was open.

Collecting myself, and pushing my chair back a bit to put a little more distance between us, I resumed :

"You're one o' th' mad uns are you?"

"Aye, aw am."

"You don't look like it, friend," I said.

"Ay, but aw am though."

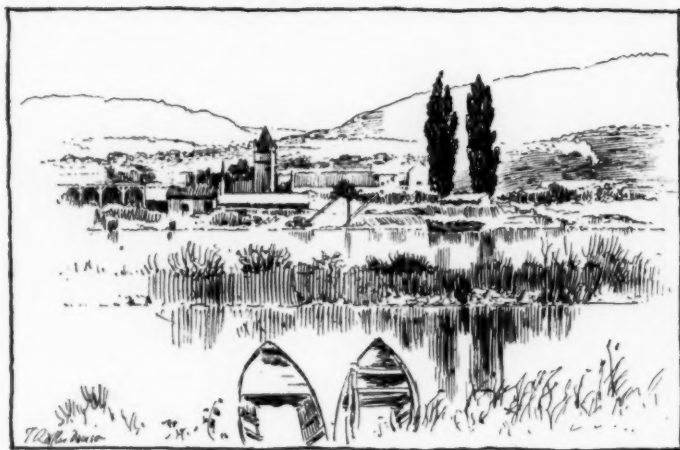
"Well, and how do you happen to be here?" I enquired.

"Why," he replied, "Aw'm th' Asylum Poastmon, aw comes to meet th' trains as brings t' poast bags."

Just then the lilliputian train from the asylum ran into the siding at the station, and my mad friend, shouldering the letter-bags that he had placed at the waiting-room door, got into the lunatic carriage, and I went into the other. The engine whistled, and away we sped down the line to the abode of sorrow.

There was a pathetic humour in the conversation I had had with "one o' th' mad uns," and my reflections turned upon the varying degrees of madness that afflict not only the inmates of an asylum, but also we their more fortunate brethren outside its walls!





Drawn by T. Raffles Dacian from a photograph by W. E. A. Aron.

EVENING ON THE MAIN.

(Milttenberg, seen from the right bank of the River).



A VISIT TO THE ENGELBERG,
WITH OTHER
IMPRESSIONS OF A CORNER OF THE MAINTHAL.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

THE most remarkable feature of our summer holiday was that our way for the most part lay out of the beaten track. From Manchester we went to March with sundry changes of trains and waitings at stations, and from Harwich to the Hook of Holland in a somewhat stormy night passage. Then over long reaches of the flat Dutch country by train to Cologne. On every side were evidences of the industry and neatness for which Holland is famous. On the way, at Kaldenkirchen, our luggage is examined by the German Customs officers, who do their best, and are successful in discharging an unpleasant task with tact and courtesy. Historic names appear on the stations. Here is Kempen, the birthplace of the author of the "Imitatio Christi," the wonderful book that has been the friend of so many and so different minds. It has been translated into many languages, and a whole controversial library has been written as to its authorship. Here was born a man who preached quietude and abnegation, and we speak of him with gratitude and admiration as we comfortably drink our coffee in the luxurious express train. From Cologne to Mainz our way is by the noble Rhine, where every place has its associations in history

and legend, and where the eye rests upon a constant succession of picturesque landscapes, and although the chimneys of manufactories are not entirely absent, the German people have too much practical good sense to allow the Rhine to become vulgarised. The patent pillmen may look with anguish at the waste of advertising opportunities, but Ehrenbreitstein, the Drachenfels, the Mausethurm, and all the other glories of the Rhineland, are happily safe from their desecrating touch. At Mainz we change our train for Frankfort, and at the latter place for Aschaffenburg, and there for Miltenberg, which we reach shortly before midnight, after about thirty-seven hours of journeying by land and sea. The first intention had been to go on to Munich, but the quaint and picturesque quality of the towns and villages, the beauty of the scenery, and the charms of the forest made us decide to spend the whole available portion of the holiday in this country district. The claims of Munich and Art were postponed to those of Nature in this corner of the Mainthal.

Miltenberg is a picturesque little town of 3,600 people, and lies in the valley of the Main. That beautiful river passes in its winding course between the hills of Franconia, and on either side are small towns and smaller villages. Miltenberg has one long main street, with smaller ones running downward to the river and upward to the hill and wood by which it is crowned. The old Markt Platz has a fountain that came from Nuremberg some centuries ago, and is made picturesque by tall houses built of wood and stone in the variegated fashion once so common. The market place ends with the Schnatterlochthurm. This is one of the towers of the town wall which still remains in many parts, though it no longer either surrounds the town or is needed for its defence. Of the three towers that of the Schnatterloch is central; at one

end of the town is the spitze Thurm, at the other the Würzburger Thurm. The Schnatterloch is a narrow arched way under the tower, and has its name from a dialect word meaning to shiver. This designation arises from the fact that however much the sunshine may blaze elsewhere, the Schnatterloch remains cool, or more than cool. A few minutes walk along this narrow way brings us into the wood, where we can wander for hours beneath the trees, by well-kept paths that intersect it in all directions. The field clubs have their signposts at suitable places, and these indicate the markings on the trees by which the routes to different localities are shown. By these green paths we can reach the Ringwall, a great circular heap of stones, all that remains of the Roman fortress that once dominated this district. From this sylvan retreat we can return to the town by various ways, but most frequently we pass by the old castle that represents an outworn mediæval spirit, and by the modern Schloss Grauberg. In the centre of the town stands the Gasthaus zum Riesen, a fine old structure, with an inscription that declares

Dieser haw steht in gottes handt
 Zum Riessen ist er genanndt.
 Fürsten und herren ist er woll bekanndt
 Bürgern und bauern Steht er zu der handt
 Jakob Storz burger zu Miltenberg hat In
 Gemacht mit seiner handt in Jar, 1590.

The hand of Jakob Storz had the cunning to build strongly and picturesquely, and his work, which has seen three centuries, will yet outlast some of the flimsier structures of our own day. The Riesen was in the past the appointed place for Royal and noble visitors to the town, and if it was wholly rebuilt in 1590, which is perhaps doubtful, it is the successor of an earlier structure. Here according to the local legend, came Martin Luther in 1518.

Eberhard von Erbach, who intended to arrest him, slept also at the inn and heard the monk praying in the night, and was so impressed that from an opponent he became a disciple. The Riesen, as we see it to-day, has been the lodging of Gustavus Adolphus, Tilly, Wallenstein, and many other gallant soldiers who took part in the Thirty Years' War. Later came the daughter of Gustavus, the eccentric Christina of Sweden, and our great English warrior Marlborough, and the planner of victory, Moltke.*

Miltenberg is a clean, busy town, and there is all the more activity afoot because the stone bridge over the Main, long projected, is now actually in process of construction.†

The town has a large Volksschule with about 400 pupils, a smaller elementary school for Protestants, a Handelsschule, a Lateinschule, and a Töchtertschule. How many English towns are there of twice the size that can claim to possess such provision for the education of its children? We went into the Volksschule one day, and witnessed the practical character of the teaching. In one class the teacher had sketched on the blackboard a map of the district. The winding Main was shown, and the position of each village indicated, and the railway lines by which they are connected. There were no names on this map, and the scholars were required to supply them in answer to the teacher's questions, as well as to copy the map on their slates. In another class the operation of mental arithmetic was shown in the calculation of prices of goods, etc. Here the aim of the teacher was to make the boy think out for himself each step in the problem until the desired result

* The Riesen has its historian. See "Historische Denkwürdigkeiten des Gasthauses zum Riesen in Miltenberg am Main." Vierte verbesserte Auflage. Bearbeitet von Dr. Ph. Madler. Miltenberg a. Main, 1899.

† The bridge is now completed, and was consecrated 5th June, 1900.

was reached. It would be foolish to generalise from so brief a visit, but the impression left on the mind was that of genuine teaching of a definitely practical kind. One criticism was obvious. The classes are too large. No teacher can be expected to deal single-handed with fifty or seventy children, even when the habit of obedience and the aptitude for learning is hereditary.

We went to the "Schlussfeier" of the Königliche Lateinschule, and were struck by slight differences in the manner of conducting the proceedings. The member representing the district in the Bavarian Parliament was present, as also the judge and other notabilities, but they were not called upon to take any part in the proceedings. The Herr Direktor gave a brief address, in which the philosophical and practical elements in education were discriminated. After this came recitations and music, vocal and instrumental. The boys spoke clearly and distinctly, but with an entire absence of action. The proceedings ended with "Heil sei Dir, Haus Wittelsbach" (a Bavarian national hymn) and the Königshymne, the national anthem which we stole from the Germans or which the Germans stole from us, unless we stole it from the French or the French from us and the Germans. Stealing is a proceeding in which most nations are experts. The same absence of gesture was noticeable at the Schlussfeier of the "Institute of the Sisters of Notre Dame." The programme was longer than that of the Lateinschule, and included a poem in English, a saynete in French, and a German fairy drama, in which the story was told in a dialogue, plentifully interspersed with songs. Music naturally played a large part. Again we noticed the absence of a chairman and of the speeches, announcements, and votes of thanks that are inevitable at an English school festival. Another small point may be mentioned. At both these functions dialect

pieces were given. We are often told that the progress of education is destroying dialect, but the highly educated German nation apparently does not share that view, for it has a rich and varied dialect literature, and is not ashamed of it. Would it do any harm to Lancashire if Manchester Grammar School boys were to recite Waugh's "Grindlestone," or High School girls sang John Scholes's "Lancashire Witch?"

There is no public library in Miltenberg, but in the Franciscan Kloster there is a small collection, consisting mostly of modern theological books, and intended chiefly for the professional use of the Fathers. Books, however, are lent out, and several were placed at my disposal. At the secularisation of 1803, the older library was dispersed. The only MS. in the present collection is a well-written Breviary of the fifteenth century. The Franciscan who made it has in the colophon recorded his name and the date, 1478. This is interesting as showing that the old art of the scribe struggled to maintain itself against the competition of the newer mystery of the printer. The library, which has a good many sixteenth century books, is well arranged, and has three manuscript catalogues, unpretentious but executed carefully and in a thoroughly practical manner. These show the books in their shelf arrangement as well as by authors and in classes. In the Alte Schloss is the Konrady Collection, which includes some Roman antiquities, as well as mediæval MSS. and early printed books. This is private property, but is accessible to the public. There is also a small collection of antiquities belonging to the town. This is housed in the Alte Spital.

One day the town was full of people, and we learned that it was the festival of St. Kilian, of whose holy life we confessed a deplorable ignorance and a willingness to learn. Kilian, or Killena, we were told, was an Irishman

of noble birth, devoted to the study of the Bible, and discharging the duties of a regional bishop. To his monks and scholars he proposed a pilgrimage, and when they reached Thuringia, then a heathen country, they determined to obtain permission from the Pope for an effort to convert its people to Christianity. Pope Conon, who was elected in 686, gave this permission, and King Gosbert welcomed them, and was baptised at Würzburg. But in accordance with the custom of his royal race, he had married the widow of his brother, and Kilian insisted that this union was unlawful for a Christian. With much difficulty Gosbert was brought to see the necessity for a divorce, but took a journey before completing the separation, and Geilana, his wife, who did not relish this interference with her status, took the opportunity of putting Kilian and his two companions to death, and of burying them with all their ecclesiastical paraphernalia "on the spot where the deed was done." But the murder had been witnessed by Burgunda, and Geilana was imprisoned. The man who, by her orders, had executed the saint, went mad, avowed his guilt, and declared that the Holy God of Killena was burning him with an inextinguishable fire. Then came the suggestion intended to free Geilana. The heathens said that if the God of the Christians was so strong as his disciples declared He would avenge the murder of His servant; if He did so they would serve Him, and if not, they would continue to worship the goddess Hulda as their fathers had done. So Geilana was released, but soon became mad, and tore her flesh with her teeth until she died. This naturally impressed the heathen folk, and from the death of Kilian on July 8, in the year 689, we may date the establishment of Christianity in this district. Kilian's own copy of the Gospels (Matt. vi., 19—John xx., 23) is now one of the treasures of Würzburg

University Library, and his body, after some removals, has found a resting place in the Minster of that pleasant town. It is a curious reflection that twelve centuries after his death the fame of Kilian is known to a much greater multitude than ever in his lifetime can have heard his name.

One great charm of Miltenberg is the Wald. Every day that passes we rejoice in its green and everchanging beauty. A short walk from the centre of the town and we are under the green boughs, and can wander by the "Felsen Meer," and ascend by woodland paths until the noises of the street, the clang of hammer, and all the varied sounds of human labour are but like the far-off voices that are heard in dreams alone. Not without reason did Schlegel call the rustling forest breezes the "Wings of God." To watch these solemn trees, which seem at once to be changeless and ever-changing, to look up and see no sky, but only a leafy roof glistening in the golden sunshine, anon to come to an open space from which the blue heavens are visible in all their glory, is a delight that custom cannot stale.

In a drive to Hainhaus we had a prolonged enjoyment of woodland scenery. For miles the way is through forest. Here we were under the genial guidance of the Rev. Dr. J. B. Weckerle, the Dean of Seligenstadt, who adds to his professional studies a wide knowledge of archæology and a keen appreciation of our English literature. That day would be memorable if only for the treasury of volkslieder which he opened by the aid of his retentive memory. Is there any nation that can compare with the German in the number, the variety, the beauty, and the pathos of its folksongs? The Hainhaus is a "lodge in a vast wilderness,"—a hamlet for the foresters of the Prince of Löwenstein. There is nothing remarkable about Hainhaus, but the road to it on a summer day is a sweetness long drawn



Kindstedt by W. E. A. Aron.

FREUDENBURG

out of sylvan beauty. Another day we drove to Freudenberg, which is just over the Bavarian border in the Grand Duchy of Baden. It stands on the left bank of the Main, which here makes one of its many curves. The result is that from a distance the town can be seen with the river in front of it and the forest and hill rising up behind it. Freudenberg consists of a long and not too straight street, with occasional side streets leading to the river and to the hill. The houses are quaint and picturesque; there is scarcely one to be seen that in one way or other would not yield an interesting sketch to a skilful hand. Flowers and babies abound in Freudenberg. Each house seems to have a window garden, and children swarm everywhere. They cover the doorsteps; they decorate the pedestals of the wayside crosses; a battalion plays skipping rope; a brigade has mounted guard over a pile of firewood. They are making friends with the oxen drawing the long wag-gons; they are, alas! laughing at the village idiot, who is strutting about in happy unconsciousness of any defect. Their laughter and shouts are heard on every side, and often from unsuspected coigns of vantage where they have perched themselves. Here comes a nun with another troop of small children who have just been released from school, and proceed to join "the blue-eyed banditti" already in possession of the town. Freudenberg would certainly be a good place in which to study the population question.

Above the town in the wood are the ruins of an ancient castle dating from the twelfth century, and destroyed in the Thirty Years' War. There is, needless to say, a tradition of buried treasure in Schloss Freudenberg, and once in every seven years a phantom priest is seen under its ruined gateway. But no man has yet learned the secret of the hiding-place. We were not more successful than others.

From the castle grounds there are some pleasant views. The eye rests first on the red roofs of Freudenberg, and then wanders over stream and field until it reaches the blue mountains that meet the sky on the other side of the Mainthal. Descending, we pass by houses, picturesque if not comfortable, to the main street. Over the door of the Rathaus is the date 1499*. The peasant women are a patient and hard-working race. Here, at one door, is an old woman busily engaged in sawing wood; here is another who has been cutting hay, and carries a load of it on her poor bent back in a long and curiously shaped basket. A horse is being shod on the main street. The Imperial mail stops in front of the Postoffice. One or two officials in all the glory of uniform and a few stray tourists complete our view of Freudenberg.

Another day our objective was Klingenberg, which stands on the right bank of the Main, and has all the appearance of a prosperous and contented community. Whilst the other little towns are contented with ferries, Klingenberg has spanned the stream with an elegant bridge, and is lighted by electricity. Moreover, it is said that, by a sort of modern miracle, the burgesses of Klingenberg pay no local rates, but, on the contrary, receive a stipend from the town funds. The first thought of many grumbling English ratepayers will be to send a deputation of the City Fathers to inquire into the causes of this un-

* Arabic numerals appear to have been used much earlier for mural inscriptions in Bavaria than in England, where authentic specimens before the middle of the sixteenth century are not easy to find. In addition to the date of 1499 on the Rathaus at Freudenberg, I noticed in the Stift Kirche at Aschaffenburg one arch dated 1493, and another 148—, the last figure being illegible. On the town wall of Miltenberg is the date 1442. At Amorbach there is a date 1493. In all these inscriptions, the ancient and now discarded form of 4 is used. That at Miltenberg is particularly rude and indicates that the form was novel to the carver.

wonted phenomenon. Whatever may be the case elsewhere, the Klingenberg plan would not work in Manchester. A folk-rhyme tells us

Zu Würzburg am Stein,
Zu Bacharach am Rhein,
Zu Klingenberg am Main
Da wächst die beste Wein.

The Klingenberg vineyards are the property of the town, as also is the wood which surmounts it. The produce of the municipal estate is sufficient, we were told, to pay all the local expenses, and to leave something over for distribution among the lucky burghers. Bathed in the summer sunshine stands the vine-clad hill, nestling on its side is the bright village, its foot is washed by the Main, and its height is crowned by trees, amidst which are the gray ruins of its ancient castle.

The Gasthaus in Germany is as important as the public-house in England, even more so, for the Gasthaus claims as patrons classes whom the public-house has long ceased to attract. The tiniest village seems to consider one or two indispensable. They are the common meeting ground, where the harvest and the election are discussed, where the policy of the Dreibund is reviewed, and where the latest message from Franzl, who is in a barrack at Berlin, or from Gretha, who is in service at Frankfort, is retailed. These wayside inns are notable for a somewhat obtrusive piety in the shape of crucifixes and religious pictures, which hang on the wall side by side with gaudy advertisements. There are also some curious greetings and reminders to the guests. One of these runs:

Das Trinken lernt der Mensch zuerst,
Viel später dann das essen ;
Dann soll er über dem Essen auch
Des Trinkens nie vergessen.

Another reads :

Ein böses Weib,
Ein saurs Bier,
Bewahr der Himmel,
Uns dafür.¹

Near this, with a crucifix between, was a picture of the Madonna, with the verse

Beschütze Maria gnädig,
Dieses Haus,
Und die da gehen,
Ein und aus.²

A favourite "Gast Gruss" is this :

Wein trinken macht fröhlich,
Gott lieben macht selig ;
D'rum liebe Gott.
Und trinke Wein,
Dann kannst Du fröhlich
Und selig sein.

As Beer and Bible has served for an election cry in England ; we need not be surprised that Germany should have men equally zealous for the Kirche and the Wirthshaus.³

We paid a visit to the Engelberg, one of the pilgrim places of Bavaria, a country in which local cultus is highly developed. Turning from the principal street toward the river Main, we can see the workmen busily engaged in the construction of the new bridge for which Miltenberg has

¹ A scolding woman and beer that's flat,
Save us, Good Heaven, from this and from that.

² O Mary, whom we honour all,
Protection on this house bestow,
On those who come beneath its roof,
On those who from its shelter go.

³ It is, perhaps, worth noting that the Germans drink less beer than the English. It may also be said that a traveller who is both a teetotaler and a vegetarian need not encounter many difficulties, though they can be found by searching.

waited so long. An ancient ferryman, who will soon, like Othello, find his occupation gone, carries us to the other bank. Our way lies through fields in which men, women, and children are hard at work. Presently we reach the steps leading to the chapel of the *Mariahilf*. At the foot is a crucifix, and at intervals on the way up the hill, are pillars on which stand pictures of the Stations of the Cross. At the end of the Stations is the little chapel. It is hung round with sacred pictures, for the most part of very inferior quality as works of art. Amongst them are two Russian icons. Most of these are votive offerings. Some village damsel has dedicated her embroidered "sampler" to pious uses. A waxen bambino—a figure of the Christ child wrapped in swaddling clothes—has been hung up by another devotee. A third has left a written declaration that he has been wonderfully helped by St. Joseph. From the foot of the hill to the *Mariahilf Kapelle* we ascend by 165 steps, and 86 more bring us to a long and pleasant woodland path that lies just under the crest of the hill, and so we reach the Franciscan monastery and Church of the Engelberg. The place has a reputation befitting its name. In ancient days there stood on the summit of the mountain, so it is said, a chapel dedicated to the Archangel Michael. Originally the place selected was where the *Mariahilf Kapelle* now stands, but each night unearthly hands carried away the building materials to another place, from which circumstance it was concluded that Heaven did not approve of the first site, and the broad hint thus given by the mysterious supernatural agency was taken. The same story is told of many other places. To the church built in the position thus indicated there was added in 1459 by the then Bishop of Mainz an altar dedicated to the Holy Ghost. At the beginning of the seventeenth century there

were many signs and wonders reported from the Engelberg. Wandering lights were seen in the church. The sound of its bells became famous as a remedy against the thunderstorms. In 1623 Johann Wolfgang, bellringer and burgher of Grossheubach, a middle-aged man of the best reputation, made a solemn declaration that he had seen an angel on the high altar. The angel touched him upon the head, and in proof of the truth of his story he pointed to his hair, which had suddenly turned white. It was perhaps not worth while for an angel to come from heaven to perform so quickly an act which time does with sufficient swiftness for most people. But these legends gave the Engelberg a local reputation, and pilgrims came thither from many parts of Bavaria. In 1629-30 Anselm Casimir, Archbishop and Prince of Mainz, gave the old church and its buildings to the Capuchins, who erected a monastery there. In the following year they fled before Gustavus Adolphus, but returned and completed their work in 1637. The church and monastery gradually increased in importance. When, in 1771, the Prince of Löwenstein-Wertheim bought Kleinheubach from the Counts of Erbach, he built in connection with his castle there a chapel, which is served from the Engelberg. In the secularisation of 1803 the Engelberg was annexed to Aschaffenburg and Frankfort, and in 1814 became united to Bavaria. In 1828 Ludwig I. made it a Franciscan monastery. As it contains only four Fathers and four Lay Brothers, it is somewhat different from the great monastic houses of the Middle Ages. We can rest for a few moments beneath the spreading branches of an ancient lime tree that for centuries has given its sheltering welcome to the pilgrims of the Engelberg. At the present moment the church is in the hands of the workmen, who are further enlarging its already considerable capacity. Turning to the monas-

tery, we pass a mediæval sculpture of the Judgment Day, and glance at the armorial shield, carved in stone, of Anselm Casimir, who is regarded as the founder. We are soon admitted to the Guest Chamber, where we find several persons, including some ladies. They are taking refreshment, which here takes the form of brown bread and wine or beer, and writing those cards of greeting which are printed in colours for apparently every place in Germany that has a name. Of the Engelberg three or four varieties of these picture post-cards can be had, and as each visitor will probably send off several, the number in the course of the year must be very great.

We send in our names by the Lay Brother, and are soon joined by the Pater Superior, and by Pater Expeditus, who welcome us as friends. There are many inquiries as to our common acquaintances, and we hear something of the troubles that befall all people who have to do with the building up and putting down and rebuilding of ecclesiastical as of other structures. But it is eminently true of the Franciscans that religion and cheerfulness go hand-in-hand. The rules of the order do not forbid the enjoyment of harmless jests that have no bitter sting. By a convenient arrangement the line of "claustration" where the real monastery begins is so drawn that the Guest Chamber is outside it. Otherwise the Franciscan Fathers could not admit lady visitors at all. But there is nothing within these walls to excite feminine curiosity. The cells are plain and bare, and there is nothing specially noteworthy in the monastery, except the monastic life. The church is large, and, besides the High Altar, there are others dedicated to St. Valentinus, St. Sebastianus, St. Antonius, and the Virgin Mary. Over the last-named altar in the Mutter Gottes Kapelle is a picture of the Christ child and his mother, which has been from the days of old an object

of special reverence for the pilgrim crowds who flock into the church in the summer time. The church is not in the purest form of Gothic, but rather in the Barock style, which is to be found in various parts of Bavaria. The warm colour and florid decoration will first strike the English visitor, who is accustomed to a colder fashion of ecclesiastical architecture. From the great church, decorated with so many pictures and statues of the saints, and so many coats of armour of the knightly dead, we pass to view the last resting-place of the princely house of Löwenstein-Wertheim-Rosenberg, whose noble park lies on the other side of the Main below the Engelberg. Perhaps the most notable of the graves is that of Don Miguel, the Pretender to the Portuguese crown. He died in 1866, and over his dust is the persistent stone that proclaims him by the empty title of King of Portugal. He played his part in a losing game, and one hesitates to emphasize either the grotesqueness or the pathos of this grim determination not to relinquish a claim which time and fortune have disallowed. There is something of romance attaching to all the lost causes.*

Our guide, philosopher, and friend, Pater Expeditus, with his portly form and frank open face, has come by ways of storm and stress to this resting-place. He is the son of a well-to-do Protestant, but in his student days came to be convinced of the claims of the Roman Church and felt himself compelled to abandon the creed in which he was reared. A sister also joined the Roman Communion. What such renunciations involve can be known only to those who have seen the gulf by which religion sometimes divides a family. He who "in religion" is known as Pater

*See "Der Engelberg und dessen Umgebu." P. B.L. O.S.Fr., Aschaffenburg, 1874, and "Kirche und Kloster Engelberg," von P. Adrian, O.S.F. Bensheim 1885, and also "Engelberger Wallfahrts Buchlein," Fulda 1894.

Expeditus, in literature has another style, for he is the P. Fr. Revocatus, whose name appears on the title page of the "Blüten vom Stamme des Kreuzes: Sanges—Kränze aus der Schule des Troubadours von Assisi." (Regensburg, 1898).

In a corner of his cell is a bookcase which is a veritable nest of singing birds, for there, in narrow compass, are to be found the best poets of Germany and England. He takes a warm interest in our literature. Someone has recently sent him a Longfellow in English, and we look for the "Legend Beautiful," surely the most lovely of monastic fables. But the son of Barabbas, who published the book—a plague on him!—had omitted this and other poems. We talked of many things. Pater Expeditus was just about to leave the Engelberg on a twelve days' mission, a period of very hard work. He is not a vegetarian, nor do his vows bind him from intoxicants, but he drinks no beer, and to his lightest wine he adds two thirds of water, a mixture which would not commend itself to a toper. We mentioned to P. Expeditus those verses which Dr. Johnson burlesqued from Lope de Vega:

If the man who turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he would rather
Have a turnip than his father.

When next we saw him he had given a new and ingenious turn to the joke of the great lexicographer:

Wenn einer der jammert um Rüben und Kraut,
Nicht jammert, wenn sterbend den Vater erschaut,
Von dem ist's klar, dass er Kraut und Rüben
Muss mehr als den eigenen Vater lieben.

Having thus shown him in his lighter vein, it is only fair to the Franciscan poet to quote something also of the more serious strain by which he is better known. Here is

his poem of "Junger Schnee," with a rough English version.

JUNGER SCHNEE.

Lustig zwischen Erd' und Himmel
 Treibt der Flocken leicht Gewimmel
 Weiss und rein im Glanzgefieder.
 Hin und Wieder,
 Auf und nieder.
 Und wie zögernde Gedanken
 Scheinen lange sie zu schwanken,
 Ob sie sollen aufwärts steigen
 Oder sich zur Erde neigen;
 Bis sie endlich—weh' der Not!—
 Trüben Tod
 In der Erde feuchtem Kot
 Sich erwählen — — —
 Wie so viele Menschen seelen!

EARLY SNOW.

Gay between the earth and sky,
 White and pure the snowflakes fly,
 Now they seem to pause and think,
 Will they rise or will they sink?
 Will they rise to Heaven on high?
 Will they sink to earth below?
 They flutter for a time and then—
 Alas! that it should e'er be so—
 In dust and mire they sink and die,
 —So sink the souls of myriad men.

Here is a quatrain in which the religious spirit dwells on that which is transitory and that which is permanent:

WAS BESTEHT.

Alle Habe ist vergänglich,
 Lässt sich vom Geschick verwehren;
 Doch, wenn Alles dir genommen:
 Geistesreichtum wird bestehen.

This may, again roughly, be thus expressed in English:

The riches of the world are vain,
 By fortune's breath are blown away;
 Yet when earth's gifts have all been lost
 The treasures of the soul will stay.

Who shall describe the picturesque beauty of the views from the Engelberg? It would need the pen of Ruskin or the pencil of Turner, and here only the slightest sketch will be attempted. From the lofty mountain height we can see on every side the vine and tree-clad hills. Below is the winding Main. There, on the left bank, is Miltenberg, with its now nearly finished bridge. Just below us Grossheubach, and immediately opposite, but on the left bank, is Kleinheubach, with the Residenz of the Löwensteins, standing in a park of great extent and beauty. To the north is the Spessart-Wald. Mountain and valley, forest and river, stately palace homes, busy towns and villages, tiny hamlets, and, pervading the whole landscape, the silver Main. We can see from here the peasant women in the fields, the slow-moving oxen wagons, the barges floating down the stream, and the railway,—almost an anachronism in a scene that seems to transport us into a bygone century. But the present triumphs. We bid adieu to our friends at the Engelberg, and, descending by the 594 Engel Stufen, we pass by another series of Stations of the Cross, some of them dating from the seventeenth century, and, floating over the river on a raft ferry, reach Kleinheubach, and thence make our way back to Miltenberg.

There are memories of Aschaffenburg and Amorbach and Burgstadt, and other places greater or lesser, but these rambling notes must come to an end. My recollection of the Mainthal is best described in Mrs. Stowe's words, as one of the "sunny memories of foreign lands." The noble stream, the spreading fields, the ruined castles, the quiet villages, and the kindly folk will never be forgotten. Often, as from the mountain side in the green forest, I looked upon the landscape far beneath my feet, did that poem of Anastasius Grün come into my mind—

that in which he describes himself gazing at such a scene through the ring which he has taken from his finger—the ring that was a pledge of love.

Here cottages gleam brightly
On verdant slope and hill,
There scythe and sickle gleaming
Beside the valley's rill.

* * * *

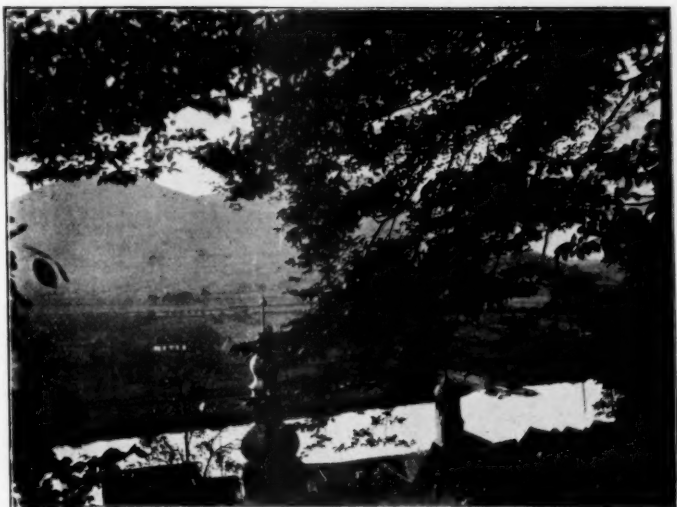
And towns with gleaming steeples
Woods clad in verdure's prime,
And clouds that, like my longing,
Flee to a distant clime.

As by a frame surrounded
My golden circle spanned
The earth and Heaven's azure,
Man and his dwelling-land.

Fair picture, this to gaze on,
By love's gold circle spanned,
The earth and Heaven's azure,
Man and his dwelling-land.

O schönes Bild, zu sehen
Vom Ring der Lieb' umspannt
Die Erde und den Himmel,
Die Menschen und ihr Land!





Knolaked by W. E. A. Aron.

A PEEP FROM THE FOREST ABOVE MILTENBERG CHURCH.



CREATIVE LITERATURE.

BY JOHN WILCOCK.

AMONG the curiosities of literature is the fact that the taste for reading generates a desire to write. Most men have experienced this tendency, especially in the earlier periods of the development of their taste. It does not follow that the desire to write implies a wish to publish, for something in addition to literary tastes is requisite to cause a man to rush into print. There is a pleasure in putting one's thoughts into writing quite apart from the rewards in the results. The great Goethe is said to have had a reluctance to appear in print, and his translator, George Lewes, ascribes this to him as a virtue. His interest in a composition ceased as soon as it was composed. And yet, he expressed a pleasure on seeing one of his dramatic sketches "in clean proof sheets;" it looked really better than he had expected.

The capacity for reading poetry, too, seems to develop as by a natural law of evolution into a faculty for making it, but the delight therein is not to be divided by any prospect of publication. The reward of writing true poetry must exist in doing the work itself. It will be marred if the poet has one eye on the public and the other on his theme or impression.

But the satisfaction of seeing themselves in print has

been common to our greatest authors. Hartley Coleridge wrote :

"I own I like to see my works in print,
The page looks knowing, though there's nothing in't."

Samuel Rogers said it was "to all agreeable, to many intoxicating," which is true to-day, notwithstanding the increased facilities there are for appearing in print.

The great advancement of the art of printing has created other and far more fascinating allurements than the mere form of type. The charm of title and binding has enwrapped the printed page, even though "there's nothing in't," and the most experienced bookworm often finds himself conning beautifully-bound folios that cannot in any sense be deemed worthy of the name of literature.

It is, therefore, becoming more and more necessary that what appears in print and book form should be put to some test by which the wheat may be separated from the chaff in regard to meaningless pages as well as in the more vital qualities of thought.

In the best of our literature there is a great waste of time and brain power, both in the writing and the reading of it, because of the difficulty of distinguishing actual creative force from that which Matthew Arnold termed "the journeyman work of literature." As he said, "there are special qualities of genius, and special qualities of intelligence." A man of great intelligence may develop powers of construction to such a proficiency that they will act intuitively, and may be mistaken for indications of genius.

In poetry, for instance, the skill of the craftsman is often mistaken for a natural power of invention. The technique of the art can hide the absence of the thought or theme which is necessary to give creative force to poetry. Just as in music, the most exquisite melodies are written

to phrases entirely void of sense, or, if not quite void, that only suggest the setting they receive, the art of the vocalist compensating the fault. In both poetry and music, technique is as necessary in the interpretation as in the composition. The strength and beauty of poetry depend upon the capacity for reading it. This fact is lost sight of when we ask why poetry is so little read nowadays. Comparatively few people care to cultivate a knowledge of the technique of poetry, not to mention vocal powers, necessary to give an author's ideas their proper cadence and emphasis. Poetry taken at a wrong tempo may contradict a writer's meaning.

This power of technique is not creative; it may be constructive, but it is purely journeyman work. Arnold does not, of course, use the term "journeyman work" in any depreciative sense, for among the journeymen of literature are found the intelligence and culture from which genius rises. Nor are we concerned here with the definition of genius. We know that it is something in one man which achieves that which the highest talent in another aspires to achieve. It is the example set to all for the attainment of knowledge *and the application of it*. The accomplishments of genius are the springs of hope, cheering and encouraging the so-called rank and file to work.

But in these days of rapid literary production the highest acquirements in knowledge seem to be checked just when they might reach their culmination in creative literature. It is more fashionable to index ideas than to digest them. One of the leading literary journals a while ago described a great living critic, who is famous for his wide range of information, as possessing "a sort of mind which is best understood under a figure of pigeon-holes. It is a mind which, if it be combined with any considerable thinking powers, can make a great impression

on the world, and has, indeed, in many of its manifestations, made such an impression. . . . The pigeon-hole form of mind tolerates no doubts, has no fears, despises all opponents, and possesses scarcely any dramatic imaginativeness. It is, as a rule, extremely industrious, and it derives its name from the fact that it is in the habit of collecting any quantity of conclusions and facts, tying them up in separate bundles, and, after carefully drying and labelling them, putting them away for future use in the pigeon-holes of the memory. They then become, so to put the matter, stock-in-trade. As has been implied, if your facts are carefully selected and verified, and if your conclusions are impressive and plausible, the pigeon-hole mind is a very useful possession indeed. It is a sort of mind that gets on in the world."

Now, we are continually meeting with this sort of mind in the literature of to-day. Indeed, it is predominant. It is respected by the critics because of its credentials, for such a mind can secure any of the learned degrees and titles, and can pass any examination that has a *viva voce* test for facts and data literal, and none for ideas assimilated. It is a mind dyspeptic with authoritative statements, and may very properly be called an Index Rerum.

Such a mind is a journeyman that can work in all branches of literature, scholastic, imaginative, scientific, or theological. If it know Latin and Greek and one or two living languages, it becomes cosmopolitan. If it turn to writing poetry, it can join any school; but prose might bother it. To change style in prose is more difficult than in poetry, because prose is more characteristic, and such a mind prevents development of character. That development would use some of its stock-in-trade. It does not mind quoting others so long as it may give chapter and

verse for its authority ; but to quote another in its own language, with just a tinge of its own individuality colouring the idea quoted, would be undignified by a degree'd personage. No, no ; facts are facts, and when taken out to be stated must be returned to their respective pigeon-holes ever to honour the name under which they are indexed.

The opposite of such a mind is the man with what is sometimes termed a "bad memory." Such a man was Montaigne by his own confession. "It is true," he says, "I am apt to be forgetful, but am not indifferent about anything which a friend has given me in charge. . . . This, however, is my comfort—first, that it is an evil from which principally I have found reason to correct a worse that would have grown upon me, namely, ambition ; for this is an intolerable defect in those who are encumbered with the management of public business. And (as several examples of the like mind in the progress of nature demonstrated) the greater is this defect, I find my other faculties the stronger in proportion. I should have been apt to have rested my understanding and judgment on other men's, and have lazily followed their footsteps without exerting my own strength, had any strange inventions and opinions occurred to me by the help of my memory. By this means, too, I am not so talkative, for the magazine of the memory is apt to be better stored with matter than that of the invention. And, had my memory been good, I had ere this deafened all my friends by my babble ; for the subjects themselves, by rousing that sort of talent which I have of handling and applying them, would have animated and spun out my discourses. It is pity, but it is no less true, that I have observed in some of my intimate friends who, when their memories represent a thing to them entire, and, as it were, in present view,

begin their story so far back and crowd it with so many impertinent circumstances that if the story be good in itself they spoil it, and if it be bad, you are either to curse the strength of their memory or the weakness of their judgment. It is a difficult matter to close up a narration and to cut it short in its career. We only take pains to stuff the memory, and leave the understanding and conscience quite unfurnished. As the birds which fly abroad to forage for grain bring it home in their beaks without tasting it themselves, to feed their young, just so our pedants pick knowledge out of several authors, and hold it at their tongue's end to spit out and distribute it abroad."

And yet the essays of Montaigne, with all his faulty memory, are creative literature, and will continue to be so as long as literature is read. And why? Because they deal directly with human nature, and exercise the human mind and heart to-day just as they did three centuries ago. They have continued to create thought and emotion in minds like Ben Johnson, Pope, probably Shakespeare, on through the continents to our Carlyle and Emerson, and later thinkers of the present day. Their creative force is intrinsic, and can never be spent. Scholars may find clerical errors in his quotations; his defective memory may have mis-stated some of the facts; his philosophy may be incomplete; his system may not be one for literary students now to follow; but Montaigne's work is a true illustration of creative literature. It is a striking example of the power of assimilation. Had he published the thoughts and impressions which he culled from the pages of Plato, Seneca, Cicero, Pliny, and others as a volume of "Great Thoughts from Master Minds," it would have gone into the limbo of forgotten literature generations ago, or have been used up by modern collectors of tit-bits.

The test of all literature, creative and otherwise, is: Is it helpful to life? Does it quicken the understanding, which is not a mere accumulation of knowledge well classified for ready quotation, but as Coleridge describes it, the faculty by which we reflect and generalise for ourselves individually. Compilations of scientific and historical facts and metaphysical conclusions may be of great intrinsic value; we may admire the enormous industry used in the collection of them; but they remain dead and useless things until some reflective mind assimilates and applies them to life. Human nature is not only the poet's, but also the scientist's, the artist's, the historian's, every man's proper study, and the value of everything that is depends upon its utility to human life. Creative literature absorbs the experience of the past for the study of humanity in the present, the subtle influences of its constantly-changing environment. It includes imaginative as well as matter-of-fact literatures.

The enthusiasm of the poet of nature often evaporates in the indulgence of flowery language, and his productions become nothing greater than simple personal recreation. It is extremely difficult, and rarely possible, to put into right words what one sees and feels when surrounded by the peaceful environment of a pastoral scene. On every occasion one is inclined to exclaim with our Manchester lyricist—

I cannot paint the scene,
No word, no pencil can,
I only know naught more serene
Ere touched the heart of man.

And if it is done aright, it will convey the feelings experienced by the poet, and fill the mind of the reader with the impression he has, and thus constitute creative literature.

But when the poem is a bundle of beautiful ideas and imagery, strung together without that coherence which is

necessary in creative work ; when line after line and verse after verse may be taken away—yea, and even replaced by others—without touching the primary theme, whatever intelligence may have been spent upon it, the result is but journeyman work. It must sound deeper depths before it can recreate the feelings of the writer in the reader.

It does not follow that some power of genius is requisite to do this. Poetry is the highest form of literature, but poets have a notion that they spring from some divinely mysterious origin. Russell Lowell said that "Nothing is more certain than that great poets are not sudden prodigies, but slow results. As an oak profits by the foregone lives of immemorable vegetable races that have worked over the juices of earth and air into organic life, out of whose dissolution a soil might gather fit to maintain that nobler birth of nature, so we may be sure that the genius of every remembered poet drew the forces that built it up out of the decay of a long succession of forgotten ones. . . . It is not in the finding of a thing, but the making something out of it after it is found that is of consequence."

Lowell is quite correct. This decade can afford to relax its energies in the direction of antiquarian curiosity as to how and by whom books were made, and turn them in the direction of utilizing their contents. We are immensely rich in what has been termed "pigeon-hole" knowledge. We have facts and data indexed in the most complete order ready for immediate use. Minds of the highest intelligence have served us of their best in this vast accumulation. But we lack a corresponding power of assimilation for the purpose of "making something out of what has been found."

It is becoming recognised that most of our social evils are the consequence of economic errors. We have ample

supplies of literature pointing out where the evil comes in, and yet our orthodox political economists continue to produce a pigeon-hole class of work showing, not fundamental principles, but mere mercantile operations. When our poets descend to practical ethics to apply their idealism their diction often runs to the level of bad prose, and loses its usual strength and beauty. This habit of research has caused us to keep our idealism and our powers of assimilation on different planes, quite apart and unapproachable the one to the other. Between the two lies a great gulf of conventionality in style, schools of thought, and the like. The man of commerce is not entitled to enter the realms of higher literature without leaving his mercantile garments on the threshold. His practical experiences require idealizing. His calling is only a means to an end; a sort of crust on his life to be broken off in old age retirement. Between that period and his schooldays he is an amateur in thought and literature. But he can qualify for the later period, if he likes, in the journeyman work of pigeon-hole accumulations.

As a consequence, intelligence is daily parodied. By the use of index and pigeon-holes the unlearned can don the cap of learning, and with a diction which passes the test of plain grammar, can join this great army of journey-men in the production of another literature, which, in its turn, will be collated within the twenty-six alphabetical holes, there to join the greatest—and, perchance, the least.





AN ITALIAN GARDEN.

BY C. E. TYRER.

“GOD Almighty first planted a garden,” says Lord Bacon in the opening of one of the most delightful of his essays; and he might have gone on to say, what he perhaps wishes us to infer, that a man can never more truly feel that he is following in the footsteps of his Maker than in the planning and planting of a garden, provided he have a worthy conception of what a garden should be. For there are gardens and gardens: some utterly unworthy of the name, where nature is tortured and abused instead of being reverently followed, and one's chief feeling is a sense of perverted ingenuity. The true lover of nature and of the beautiful hates the grotesque and the bizarre in every shape. He has nothing but detestation for that style of garden which we learned from the Dutch, where box-hedges and holly bushes are carved into all sorts of grotesque figures; and little else for the fashionable modern type of villa-garden, with its smooth green expanse of carefully-shaven and weeded lawn, its trim borders and its little geometrically-shaped beds of gaudy bedding-out plants. Then there is the botanic garden, which may be a garden of delight as well as of study (one thinks of the charming gardens of this kind at Oxford and Padua), or may be, as in some German cities I have visited, a dull and unlovely region, where the

scientific arrangement of plants has reigned supreme over every consideration of beauty and fitness. We have, in our own Royal Gardens at Kew, an admirable example of what a botanic garden should be; a little realm of delight, both for the unscientific lover of nature and for him who comes equipped with scientific knowledge. For that is, to my humble thinking, the true idea and ideal of a garden; that it should be a place at once for study and for delight, for the study that brings more and ever more delight, and for the delight that leads on to fuller and more reverent study. There is nothing in nature, however small and seemingly insignificant, which is not full of interest, and generally of beauty too, had we but the eyes to see and the soul to appreciate it: and he who knows most sees and appreciates the best, for knowledge when it is real, leads on to fuller and fuller knowledge, and so to fuller and fuller delight. It is of course true that it is not always so. A botanist may be, as he is often conceived, a person who is too much occupied with the physiological aspect of plant life, and the scientific arrangement of specimens, to have much time or enthusiasm left for the cultivation of the sense of beauty. He may have no reverent love for trees and flowers, and for that beautiful world of whose beauty they form so rich and lovely an element; he may be no better than "a fingering slave," the worthy object of a poet's scorn and contempt. But this need not and should not be; and it is a pleasure to believe that many of the most famous botanists and naturalists have been surpassed by few or none in their delight in the beauty of that nature, some field or fields of which they made their chosen region of study.

The garden of which I am just now thinking is situated close to the charming little town of Bassano, in the Venetian territory. Though little visited by the English (I did

not see a single English or American visitor during the week I spent there), it is a singularly picturesque town, full of interest and character. The greater part of its walls and all its gates and towers are still standing; it has many tall, brightly-cloured *campanili* and several straggling arcaded *piazze*, and its house-fronts still show in their faded frescoes many traces of brilliant colour and of beautiful form. It is, indeed, a very characteristic and unspoiled example of a town of the Venetian *terra ferma* having formed part of the territory of the Venetian republic for nearly four centuries, from the beginning of the 15th century until, at the close of the last one, that republic was swept away by Napoleon. Westward of the rocky declivity, up and down which the narrow, tortuous streets and lanes of the little city climb and plunge, flows the Brenta, here still a true Alpine stream, though destined soon to lose, in the Venetian plain, its recollection of those beautiful mountains amid which it has risen, and thence to struggle and to stagnate onward through a dreary waste of marshes and canals to the lagoons of Venice. To stand on the covered wooden bridge, which he who travels westward by road from Bassano must needs cross, looking down through its openings on the grey-blue river, with its cool, soothing rush, and beyond and away to the soft blue outline of the Alps which close the valley northward, while hard by is the quaint little city itself, with its clustered roofs and its vivid southern character, is to look upon a picture and to enjoy a sensation in which both northern and southern elements are deftly blended. Climbing up from the bridge into Bassano, one comes to a tall house with a still recognisable fresco of the Annunciation over the door, and a tablet stating that this was the house of the da Ponte family, a family of artists whose fame is still dear to the

heart of the Bassanesi, and to the most eminent of whom, Giacomo da Ponte (called *Il Bassano*), his fellow-citizens not many years ago erected a fine marble statue in one of the little squares of Bassano. For Bassano, as I was told by a young shopkeeper's assistant, with whom I used often to chat, and whom I found one day occupying his spare moments with the study of the libretto of *La Sonnambula* for a performance at the Teatro Donizetti, "boasts of its illustrious men"; and the number of commemorative tablets on the houses bears testimony to the jealous care with which the little city guards the memory of its distinguished citizens. Would that we English, who raise so few public monuments to our illustrious men, and not only—to our shame—often allow the houses with which they were associated to be wantonly destroyed, but rarely distinguish those which have remained by any outward sign whatever, might take to heart the example afforded us in this respect by the little communes of Italy! But the name and fame of few of these Bassanesi, save of the da Ponte family, have reached our shores; and I wonder how many English botanists of the present day have ever heard the name of Alberto Parolini, the botanist and naturalist of Bassano, who planted the garden hard by the city wall which is one of the glories of Bassano, and which I proceeded to visit.

Having received permission to enter the garden, I was strolling quietly about on a little tour of exploration, when I saw a lady approaching, whom I had previously observed talking to some workmen. I readily gathered that this was no other than the mistress of the little domain, who seeing a stranger in her garden had come to speak to him. After a little preliminary talk, she conducted me most courteously about her garden, pointing out, among other things, a lovely little group of exotic ferns under the

shelter of a magnificent hornbeam, and a fine group of pines, called after her father *Pinus Parolini*, that species having been first discovered by him on Mount Ida in Asia Minor. She bade me observe the noble height and spreading branches of a magnificent cedar of Lebanon—the peculiar glory of the garden, between 80 and 90 feet high, planted by her father at the beginning of the century, when he began the formation of this garden. "We are just now in great trouble," said the Signora A., "one of our finest and rarest trees (and she pointed to a conifer with yellowing leaves) is very sickly, and we are afraid we shall lose it. We have had the doctor to it, but we fear we shall hardly be able to save it." "I live in my garden," continued the lady, and she evidently knew every tree and shrub and flower in it, and knew them with a full and sympathetic knowledge of the habits and character and needs of each. With a little imagination, one might almost have fancied her an embodiment of the fabled lady of the "Sensitive Plant":—

A Lady, the wonder of her kind,
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind,

* * * *

Tended the garden from morn to even.

The Signora A. speaks a little English, and she told me she had relatives in England (her only sister, as I afterwards discovered, having been married to a late distinguished president of the Alpine Club), but I found her glad to talk in her own soft and beautiful language, in which courtesy seems more courteous than it does in our noble but harsher northern speech. She presently excused herself, saying she had much calling for her attention, and bade me a courteous adieu, having previously instructed a lad who was at work in one of the forcing houses to conduct me over the grounds and explain anything I might

wish to know. He was a fine intelligent lad, who seemed to take much pride in his mistress's garden, and to be intimate with all its details. He conducted me to a little grassy eminence, where, through an opening in the trees, there is the loveliest prospect of the little walled city, with its three red towers—a prospect as admirably picturesque as if its elements had been arranged and grouped with artistic intention, and, beyond all, the long, blue, serrated line of the Venetian Alps.

The Giardino Parolini, it must be said, is not at all a typical example of an Italian garden, with its long straight avenues of ilex and cypress, its marble statues and mossy fountains. Very beautiful is such a garden, especially when, as is often seen in these days of poverty-stricken patrician families, it has become rather neglected, and been allowed to lose its original primness of air. In such a garden (I am particularly thinking of some of the Roman villas) we may see nature transformed by art, and now returning once more back again to the wildness of nature. But there is not, and never has been, any primness about the Giardino Parolini. It is arranged in the English style, and is indeed not a little similar in general character to some of the college gardens at Oxford. A garden, as I ventured to say in the opening of this paper, ought to be a place both for study and for delight; and it was with both these ends in view that Signor Parolini arranged and planted his garden. Not merely as a pleasure, such a pleasure as Bacon describes in his charming essay; and still less, if one may say so, merely as a place of dry scientific study. Though not covering a very great number of acres, it has been so deftly arranged that one is never conscious of the narrow limits within which it is actually confined; and it contains a collection of trees, shrubs and flowers, marvellous both for their beauty and their variety,

including, as I understand, specimens of some not to be found elsewhere. The garden is particularly rich in pines and conifers generally. Here one finds growing together in friendly neighbourhood examples of the noble order of coniferæ, which have been brought from the Arctic and tropical regions, from the Alps and the Andes, from Mexico and from Japan. Here are to be seen the Wellingtonia of California, the Araucaria of the Andes, the Pinus Cembra of the Alps, cypresses from Japan, cedars from the Lebanon, and an austere little society of pines from Mount Ida, of the species called, as I have said, from its discoverer *Pinus Parolini*. These and the beautiful groups of palms attracted especially my attention; but I felt when visiting the garden how inadequate was my knowledge for its due appreciation, and I feel now still more deeply how little I have carried away with me, even in the way of dry scientific names. But at least this garden has left on me an impression of beauty which will not soon pass away; and if ever, "in the sure revolutions of the world," I revisit the charming Venetian town, I shall hasten to renew and improve my acquaintance with it.

I took the liberty of asking the Signora A. if her father had written much. "No," she said; "he wrote a little, but not much. My poor father was very retiring (*molto timido*), but he was intimate with the most eminent naturalists and botanists of his time, and corresponded and exchanged specimens with them." In the interesting Museo of Bassano there is a Sala named after him, containing his herbarium and his valuable collection of minerals and shells, numbering in all more than 40,000 specimens. And, better than all, he has left behind him this garden, this beautiful living book, to witness alike to his love of nature, to his admirable taste, and to the extent

of his knowledge ; and in his surviving daughter, a worthy inheritor and guardian of her father's name and fame, who loves to read continually, and to help others to read, in her father's book.





HEINRICH HEINE.

BY ALFRED SCHUMACHER.

NO German poet, not even Goethe, has to-day such a wide circle of readers all over the world as Heinrich Heine. Outside Germany his reputation is not only unassailed, but steadily growing. No other lyrical poet has had the honour done to him of having more than 3,000 musical compositions wedded to his verses. In Germany Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Brahms, Robert Franz, Rubinstein, and a host of others have composed some of their most charming music to his songs. Next to Heine comes Goethe with 1,700 compositions; then follow other German poets a long way behind. In France no other foreign poet, not even Shelley or Poe, is so much read or so universally admired. Edmond de Goncourt said that, in comparison with Heine, all the modern French poets reminded him of commercial bagmen, and it was a common saying of Theophile Gautier that the Philistines ought to be punished by dragging stones to raise pyramids over Heine's grave. If I remember rightly, it was Sir John Lubbock who set the ball rolling by publishing a list of the hundred best books. Such lists must necessarily vary much, according to the idiosyncracies of the different individuals or the different nations, but Dr. Brandes states that in all Roman and all

Slav countries Heine will be found at or near the top of the lists. In England the lists comprise 90 native writers and 10 foreign ones. It caused great surprise in Germany when, a few years back, a batch of these English lists were published, to find Heine's name in all of them, while there were lists that did not contain a single work of Goethe. Such popularity is, of course, not in itself an absolute proof of a poet's intrinsic merits. Heine's aggressive paganism, the unblushing frivolity with which he has portrayed sexual love of a lower order, and the Aristophanic coarseness in his personal attacks on opponents, may repel fastidious readers; but when we have pointed out all that in these respects can be said against him, there is, on the other hand, a charm in his lyrics, a brilliant wit in his works, which exercises a fascination over the reader, and, take him all in all, we feel bound to acknowledge that he was one of the greatest, if not the greatest, poet of his time. Dr. Brandes has made the remark "that all art is an expression of an emotion, and has for its object to produce emotions." He continues: "The questions which we ask ourselves when reading a poet are such as: How far down into his age did his glance reach? In what particular way has he been able to depict joy or sorrow, sadness or love, enthusiasm or contempt? Or we say to ourselves: With such a horror or loathing, has stupidity or wrong inspired him? So keenly, so wittily has he avenged himself and us for the contemptibleness of his time's wickedness or dulness." And he continues: "Heine is the one spirit of the age, from whom we are most deeply interested in receiving a reply on all such questions."

Wilh. Bolsche, in writing about Heine, says that the æsthetic critic who intends to present an adequate picture of this poet must, first of all, free himself from the legend

that attaches to his name. It is not that this legend is altogether untrue. It has its legitimate causes and its logical value, but is, for all that, not the historical truth. Heine's name became first known in a smaller circle about the twenties. Spoiled though people were at that time by the productions of literary masterpieces like Goethe's west-eastern divan, the best pearls of Wilh. Muller, Schulze's enchanted Rose, the first brilliant attempts of Uhland, Ruckert's mighty development, and Amadeus Hoffmann's extravagances, as well as the treasures from former days, the literary world, nevertheless, greeted the young poet's first attempt, "Youthful Sorrows," with encouraging benevolence. Soon after followed that charming conceit in a moment of happy inspiration, "The Harzreise." In its intention purely æsthetic, the witty onslaught on the petrified conservatism of German Universities, was found to suit so well the political tendencies of the time that it was hailed with general acclamation, and the poet at once became popular amongst the masses. Buoyed up by his success, the poet works further in this vein, and gains at first universal applause. Being a freelance, who does not attach himself to any party, he quickly embroils himself, soon with one and soon with another. The inevitable result is that he shortly stands alone, and the general verdict becomes after a little while that he is unpatriotic and a man of no character. Discouraged by the turn matters have taken, he once more returns to poetry. Political circumstances at home and his enthusiasm on hearing the news of the French revolution of July decide him, he settles down in France for good, and his political, as well as his real, personality becomes a myth in his fatherland, of whom any traveller is at liberty to tell what fibs he likes. He proves to the world by a series of poetical works that he is not only as great, but greater than before.

Quite useless. He writes scientific works of standing, but that does not help him either, and when at last he dies he is the one of all contemporary poets who is least known in his native country. The fables spread out about him deal principally with anecdotes and bon-mots especially those that savour of frivolity, and are disparagingly commented on. Such charges might with equal force have been launched against Goethe or Byron. They become, however, an incorporated part of the legend, to which are added myths of want of character and of his un-German temperament. Then somebody adds the contention that all these faults spring from Heine's Semitic origin, which, finally, is sure to prejudice a large number of the German people against him; and on this basis anyone with a superficial knowledge of Heine's works may please his own sweet will, and build up a legend that contains some grains of truth and a colossal amount of rubbish. One impediment remained to gather the legend into a logically true picture. His "Book of Songs" enjoyed in the course of years a wider and wider popularity, but his critics got over the difficulty by granting that this anti-German, unstable, and in vulgarity steeped Jew had his lighter, purer moments, wherein he knew how to hit the true note of the German genuine folk-songs, moments when even he, though so un-German in his heart, so vulgar and so vacillating in disposition, was able to put forth the most delicate and the purest blossoms of German poetry.

Resolutely turning their back on this precious legend, first of all Adolf Strodtmann, and later more effectually Dr. Elster, Herrman Huffer, Wilh. Bolsche, and Dr. Brandes have tried, by a careful study of his works and of his letters, to sift out the rubbish, and to present a truer picture of the great poet.

There is some uncertainty about the exact year of his birth. The poet himself gave it as 1799, but it is said that he was made a few years younger than he actually was in order to escape military service in Prussia, and his later commentators have fixed 1797 as being the correct year. From all that we can learn of his childhood, it was a very happy one. He was delicate from boyhood, and suffered particularly from nervous headaches long after he had reached manhood. He writes himself of his father that he was the one of all human beings to whom he was most deeply attached. The father had been in the service of the Duke of Cumberland, later King of Hanover, and had taken part in the campaigns in Flanders and Brabant. A joyous, handsome young man, he retained, from his military service, great partiality for soldiers, smart uniforms, horses, dogs, and the fair sex, and from him the poet inherited the graceful manners, the elegant address, and the exuberance of spirit for which he was conspicuous. A buoyancy of spirits, which did not even forsake him during the eight years that he lay stricken down by the fateful disease from which death only released him. The mother was a different, a stronger, and more highly gifted character, of whom her gifted son stood in secret awe, but, as is abundantly proved from his poems, he loved her dearly and admired the stern bead of her character. Our poet was originally intended for a commercial career; was first sent to a banker in Frankfort, and later to the father's brother, the rich banker, Salomon Heine, in Hamburg. Here he met his fate, and fell desperately in love with his cousin, Amelia Heine. This young lady, who, from all accounts, was a rather worldly-minded young person, as far as we can learn, never returned his love, but he suffered severely, and this unhappy attachment coloured the greater part of his

life and of his poems. We meet it already in his "Youthful Sorrows," but here the grief is still too fresh; the poet, then between 19 and 22 years old, has not yet acquired that mastery over his feelings and his language to deal with it objectively. Though these first attempts met with much praise from his friends (they were mostly written in Hamburg and in Bonn, in which latter place he came under the influence of A. W. Schlegel, the leader of the romantic school), they are on the whole very much inferior to the two following cycles of Songs called "The Lyrical Intermezzo" and "The Return Home." In fact, if we take out of the "Youthful Sorrows" some of the sonnets and of the romanzen and a few of the songs the rest has to-day only a literary interest for us, because we find here the germs of the poetry which a few years later was to take the world by surprise. Out of this miscellaneous collection there is, however, one poem which alone would have made a name for the poet and that is the one called "The Two Grenadiers." His detractors have been fond of even pointing to this as a proof of his un-German worship of Napoleon, though it is in reality not so much a hymn of praise on the French Emperor as rather a glorification of the soldier's faithful attachment to his commander, a beautiful human sentiment not confined to the French nation only, though in this instance also naturally expressing a faithful devotedness, on which Napoleon's power in reality was built. It has never struck Heine as incongruous if he showed admiration for Napoleon, and, as Dr. Brandes very properly points out, his critics seem to have overlooked the fact that Wieland, Goethe and Hegel have at one time or another expressed strong admiration for Bonaparte. Even after the battle at Leipzig Goethe had been heard to say: "It is no use; the man is too great for them." On the whole the poem

is a remarkable performance by a young man about 18 years old. Wilh. Bolsche draws attention to the changing from the mournful iambics :

The other spoke. The end has come,
to the animated anapests :

May be then my emp'ror will ride o'er my grave,
where you almost hear the gallop of the horse. These interwoven anapests among the iambics are on several occasions used by Heine where he intends to produce more swing and fire in the rhythm.

To my mind, the most charming of his sonnets is the second to his mother in the same cycle, expressing the poet's gratefulness for his mother's tender, disinterested love.

To return to his life. We left him at Hamburg, where his uncle assisted him to establish a business in dry goods under the title Harry Heine and Co., but this venture was a complete failure, and after six months he had to put up the shutters. Whatever Semitic qualities Heine had, it had by this time become pretty evident to his relations that the genius for amassing money was not bestowed on him, and he was now allowed to follow his own inclination, and to enter on a university career. His uncle found the necessary funds for his support, on the understanding that he was to go in for law. This rich uncle plays an important part in the future career of his nephew, who all through life remained dependent on the bounty of this good-natured but somewhat obstinate and domineering man, who, however, had little understanding for his gifted nephew's literary genius. We can not help smiling when we are told that the uncle would often exclaim, "Had that stupid boy learnt anything, he would not have had to write books." Writing books, poetry, and all that kind

was evidently at a great discount in the rich banker's mind. There is plenty of evidence that if Heine did not understand how to amass money, he had no difficulty in spending liberally whatever money he could lay hold on. When he settled down in Paris he obtained from the French Government an annual allowance of 4,000fr., and it created a general outcry in Germany against the poet when this leaked out. Borne, one of those writers who in later years had turned against him, uses this as an argument to show Heine's want of character, and he sums up by saying, "Heine has talent, but wants character." Heine, in his preface to "Atta Troll," makes very merry over this when he says: "There is consolation for the masses in the dictum 'That decent people are as a rule poor musicians, but that, on the other hand, the good musicians are anything else than decent people, because decency and not good music is the principal thing in this world.'" Starting on his University career, Heine first went to Bonn, and next to Gottingen and Berlin, then once more back to Gottingen, where, in the year 1825, he took his degree. In the same year he was converted to Christianity, and baptised, taking the name Christian Johan Heinrich Heine. His detractors have been fond of pointing to his act as another proof of his want of character. Of course, to a freethinker like Heine, who, if he had any religious leaning, showed more partiality for the faith of his fathers than for Christianity, it could not be a question of faith that brought him to take that step. The explanation that to my thinking is the most natural one is that in those times the Jews in Germany were excluded from any study but medicine, and if he was to follow his uncle's wishes and settle down in Hamburg as a solicitor, it was absolutely necessary that he should embrace Christianity. Free-thinker as he was, he did not take the final step without

many doubts and misgivings; and nothing was in later life more painful to the sensitive man than any allusion to this abortive step. During his stay at Bonn he came, as I have already mentioned, under the influence of the leader of the romantic school, A. W. Schlegel, who lectured in the University on the German language and on prosody. When, shortly after he came to Berlin, Schlegel's influence soon began to pale before the influence which Hegel, at that time the great shining light on the firmament of German philosophy, was to exercise over the susceptible mind of the young poet, and Hegel's dialectic methods of reasoning have doubtless developed the natural acuteness of the young Jew, besides inspiring him with that love for Hellenism which, as Dr. Brandes points out, is a pre-eminent basis of Hegel's teaching. That Heine by birth was a Jew and a Rhinelander are, according to Dr. Elster, two predominant factors to keep in view when we want to understand Heine's character. Part of Heine's early youth was spent in Dusseldorf, which, until the year 1813, was directly under the French Government. Not only did the French abolish many abuses and introduce many reforms, but the Jews, the pariahs of the Ghetto, were placed on an equal footing with their Christian brethren. After Napoleon's downfall, the Rhenish provinces were incorporated in the Prussian kingdom, and the Jews were once more relegated to a subordinated place. Is it to be wondered at if the hateful yoke under which his race was groaning caused great discontent in the young poet's heart? Further, after Napoleon's downfall, a general reactionary tendency set in over the Continent. Russia, Austria, and Prussia formed the so-called Holy Alliance, in order to defend and to restore everything that had been shaken or even upset by the French revolutionary spirit, and under the pretence of persecuting the revolutionary

spirit, which, in fact, did not exist, all free expression of thought was rigorously suppressed, and the young men in Germany were, as Dr. Brandes says, allowed as little liberty as have to-day the same class in Russia. Heine has been called a revolutionary spirit, and, as far as this is meant to express that he rose up against the reactionary tendencies promulgated by the Holy Alliance, it is perfectly true, but Heine was at the same time an aristocrat to the tip of his fingers. His delicate poetical temperament, his intense love for the beautiful, made all leveling down to a vulgar mediocrity an abhorrence to him. He was, while in Paris, thrown very much in the company of the little clique of exiled Germans who claimed Borne as their leader, and their wild fanatical ravings found little sympathy with a man who, while he stood up for the rights of the masses to a participation in the material comforts of this world as against the privileges of the aristocracy and of the hierarchy, at the same time fought for the independence and freedom of the individual. Berlin had, altogether apart from Hegel's influence, an effect of broadening and widening his views. Wilh. Muller, the father of the famous Anglo-German philologist, Max Muller, was at that time in the zenith of his fame. Outside Germany he is, perhaps, best known by his "Millersongs," made immortal through Schubert's charming music. Wilh. Muller's poems are written in the simple spirit of the German folksongs (*Volkslieder*). Under this name are understood songs by unknown authors, verbally handed down from one generation to another. Many of them have been collected by Clemens Brentano and Archim v. Arnim, and published in a book called "The Boys' Magical Horn." Of this book Heine writes in "The Romantic School," "I can not sufficiently praise it, it contains the loveliest flowers of the German

spirit, and he who would learn to know the Germans from their most amiable side ought to read these poems. The book is at this moment lying before me, and meseems as if I could smell the scent of the German limes. The lime-tree plays a most important part in the poems. Beneath its shade at eventide the lovers sit courting. It is their favourite tree, and probably so because its leaf is formed in the shape of the human heart. When enchanted we ask ourselves who wrote such songs, we can only reply with the concluding lines of one of the poems:

Who wrote this pretty song?
Three geese across the water it bore,
Two grey ones and a white one.

It is usually a wandering tribe, strollers, soldiers, wandering students or artisans. The latter especially. I have often met them on my foot trips, and I would notice how, if excited by any unusual occurrence, they would improvise a ditty or whistle it out into the open air. The little birds on the branches would pick it up, and as soon as the next artisan, with knapsack on his back and staff in hand, came strolling past, the birds would whisper it into his ear, whereupon he would add the missing lines, and the song was complete." Heine rejected, with the exception of the sonnet and a few stanzas, the metres of foreign ancient and modern poetry, as in his opinion unsuitable for the genius of the German language. Building his poems on the simple form of the folksong, his verses are mostly short, four-lined poems, of which only the second and the fourth lines end in a perfect rhyme. Heine greatly admired the skilful way in which Muller had introduced the pure, simple style of the Volkslieder into his poems, and has himself acknowledged his indebtedness to Muller for this outward form, but the similarity between the poets ceases here.

Muller loved to paint simple idyllic and pastoral pictures, whereas Heine depicts, as he himself says, the modern conventional society. Though his "Youthful Sorrows" had gained him a certain amount of success they had ceased to satisfy himself. In the distinguished society of Berlin circles, though he may have got up a mild flirtation with one or another of the young ladies he met, he had not experienced anything to equal his passion to Amelia Heine. He sets to work to remodel the verses, and in doing so gains greater objectivity. Both Dr. Elster and Wilh. Bolsche have shown with great acuteness that we have in these two cycles not to do with a direct flow of his erotic sorrow, but rather with a kind of extract. The picture of the real Hamburg maiden had to give way to an imagined person, against whom the poet can pour out his hate and wrath over her faithlessness. Standing freer now towards his hopeless passion, which really had ceased long before, he retells the story in "The Lyrical Intermezzo" from its first day until the last, when she is lost and dead to him. Interesting in this respect is it to learn from Wilh. Bolsche that the two small poems with which the cycle opens were not found in the first editions, but have been added later by the poet to round off the picture. The first of these two poems runs as follows:

In sweet and bonny month of May,
When all the buds were breaking,
I found within my heart as well
The sweetest love awaking.
In sweet and bonny month of May,
Amidst the birds' full choir,
I have at last confessed to her
My longing and desire.

And now follow a series of little pictures thrown off on the screen of his hopeless passion, executed at times with

a masterful skill that rarely has been equalled, and at its best not been surpassed. To take an example out of many, the pine dreaming in the cold north of a palm that sorrows in the sweltering heat of the tropical south :

A pine in Northland lonely
On rugged height does grow,
He's drowsy; in a white cover,
Enveloped by ice and snow—
He of a palm is dreaming,
Which, far in eastern lands,
In lonely and silent sorrow
On a sun-baked chasm stands.

A wonderfully conceived intense picture. When I say a picture, it is, of course, only a purely mental picture. As Dr. Brandes says, it is not exactly seen, but rather felt or thought. He writes that he once in a German exhibition of pictures saw it painted, a truly ridiculous double picture. India, the sensuous East, had at that time attracted the interest of German scholars, and through them fired the imagination of German poets. "Thus sang," writes Wilh. Bolsche, "of the Ganges, of Hud Hud the love-messenger, of gazelle eyes, of voluptuous, amorous joys, steeped in the balsamic scent from the land of spices, poets from Ruckert and Platen down to Bodenstedt in his roguish ditties of Mirza Shaffy." And out of all this, for the eternal high poetry little, almost nothing, has remained besides Heine's song, "On melodies' mighty pinions I carry thee, darling, away." A song that in its airy grace and deeply felt, glowing sentiment has survived beyond the most wonderful metrical productions of art by those great masters of form. The same theme is once more enshrined in the little poem,

THE LOTUS FLOWER.

The lotus flower is shrinking
From the sun glare's scorching light.
With bended head she's thinking,
And, dreaming, awaits the night.

Her lover, the moon, never faileth
To rouse her up with his gaze,
And to him she willing unveileth
Her innocent flower face.
She blooms, she glows and shimmers,
Gazing silently up in the air;
She fragrantly weeps and shivers
With love and love's despair.

The soulful animation of nature runs through all Heine's poetry. Sympathetically it tunes itself to the poet's moods. The limes are flowering, the nightingale sings, and the sun laughs down in friendly joy, as she kisses and hugs him to her swelling bosom. On the other hand the leaves are falling, the raven croaks hoarsely, and the sun greets him with a vexed look, as they frostily say each other good-bye, and she makes him the politest of courtesies. Woven into these tender, melting love ditties we then come across flippant verses on little amours of quite a different stamp. The poet had felt that he ought to give something more positive besides the negative complaints on his lost love, but in his love affair there was no basis for it, and he had to look somewhere else for the necessary material. Therefore the role of the beloved one is acted by certain damsels who, as Mephisto says, never think of males except in the plural. Whatever we may think of the value of these pictures from an æsthetic point of view, in this cycle they are evidently misplaced and out of harmony with the dominant note. As Wilh. Bolsche very truly remarks: "Bitter humour and scathing satire is quite in its place, but this kind of flesh tints and grisette colours on the cheeks of his heart's adored is logically inconsistent." Heine got to hear plenty of this mistake from his many critics, and that he himself has found it an error is evidenced by his striking the Laocoon poem out when he revised the poems for a new edition of the "Book of

Songs." Not that Heine gave way on account of the storm it had raised, but because he himself saw the incongruity of introducing it into the picture of his erotic sorrow, whose lady love might be cold, unfaithful, dead, and lost to her lover, but could never become the heroine of the Laocoon verses.

The third cycle, "The Return Home," takes its title from the fact that the poet had just revisited Hamburg, "the charming cradle of his sorrows," as he himself has called it. Revisiting the places where she had dwelt, his old wound reopens once more, but the grief is milder, less intense with passionate hate, and further, as Dr. Elster has succeeded in demonstrating after a careful study of the poet's private correspondence, at the same time a new note is struck. He had met Amelia's younger sister, Therese, now grown up into a young lady, and she becomes the heroine of the later songs, as that one which begins "Thou art just like a flower, so gentle, pure, and fair." Therese, though at the time perhaps too young to understand the depth of her cousin's passion, had returned the poet's love, and seems not to have felt indifferent to him in after years, but nothing was to come of this. The uncle, her father, had heard rumours of Heinrich's unsteady life, and put his foot down. There is something strange about this cousinly love. I mean that Heine twice should have fallen so desperately in love with a cousin. With most people, where they lose their heart to a fair cousin, it is generally an effervescent passion that does not rise above a mild flirtation, but Heinrich Heine took the uncle's refusal much to heart, though his second passion was not strong enough to survive the separation of the intervening years, and when he saw her again in Paris his love for her was dead.

What is a special characteristic in Heine's poetry is the

wonderful condensation of his thoughts, an almost epigrammatic power of sketching the picture which few other poets have been capable of, as, for instance, in the little poem:

There was an aged monarch;
 His heart was sad, grey was his head,
 And this poor aged monarch
 A youthful queen had wed.
 There was a page, a handsome swain;
 His hair was fair, light was his mind,
 He bore the queen's long train,
 Walking stately behind.
 Know'st thou the old, old ditty?
 It sounds so sweet, but sad as a knell;
 They both had to die. Oh pity!
 They loved each other too well.

There is no more essence in many a three-volume novel than in this little poem. There is another characteristic that begins to shine through these two cycles, and that is Heine's sarcastic wit. To Heine his love for his cousin was something holy, and we find from his letters that he was very reticent as regards what had passed between him and Amelia. What a scathing satire is found in the little poem where they sit over their tea, these high ladies and grand gentlemen, and discuss love in the abstract with the hidden coarseness under all the propriety. Or in that little poem where he satirises his critics, saying that rarely had they understood him, and rarer still did he understand them, only when in filth they wallowed did they understand each other at once.

Many of his critics contended that Heine was a morbid character, and pointed out how he is convicted out of his own mouth when he writes: "Poisoned are all my songs," referring to his cousin's faithlessness as being the cause of it. This is, of course, a totally incorrect view, and it may be contended with much greater

force that the very fact of his being healthy minded causes such an irritation in him against her who, for the sake of money and comfortable circumstance, is willing to marry where she can not give her heart. In other words, that a girl who sells herself for money and worldly position stands on a lower step erotically than even the one who weakly falls out of real love. This is, of course, a contention to which polite society never will agree, but from the poet's point of view, who looks to the ideal of what love ought to be, it nevertheless, ideally viewed, has its justification. A particularly bright set in the "Return Home" are the charming small sea pictures, reminiscences from the poet's first visit to Norderney. We find here the first note which in his later cycle "The Northsea," was to sound more fully. It is something new in German poetry to hear praise of the grand ocean, with its incessant splash of the waves against the shore. Tired, disillusioned, the poet ends the "Return Home" with the emotional little poem:

Ah, death, that is the cooling night;
While life, that is the sultry day.
It's growing dark. I'm sleepy.
The day has tired me out.
Over my bed rises up a tree
Wherein the young nightingale sings;
It sings of nought but love.
I can hear it still in my dream.

The "Pilgrimage to Kevlaar" is one of the finest poems that Heine ever wrote, not only in form, but in depth of feeling something of the best in German poetry; but let us turn to the last cycle in the "Book of Songs," called "The North Sea." Goethe had as a poet and as a student, as he himself says, embraced everything in Nature, from its youngest, most perverse, and changeable child, the human heart, down to its oldest and firmest child,

the Granite, but he had never touched on the grand theme of the Ocean. Here in the North Sea we meet it in all its salt freshness, in its mighty power and in smiling repose, and the view of the ever-changing world of water calls up in the poet's soul wonderful pictures of pathos and fancy, interspersed with realistic pictures of human misery on the heaving sea, but behind all this is the feeling of awe in the presence of the Ocean's immensity. Nothing could be happier than the finishing scene, so humorous, in the Rathskeller in Bremen. We can hardly understand how a man like Heine, who was so abstemious in drink that his friends at college chaffed him with it, and said that for him to smell at a bottle of hock was quite sufficient to intoxicate him, should have been able to give us such a picture.

In their outward form these poems of the North Sea completely take us by surprise. To the man for whom poetry is a ceaseless flow of set metrical forms, these poems are a riddle. If we try to scan them we soon give up the attempt in despair, all kinds of metres are mixed and thrown together. They come as near as it is possible to pure prose that anything can come without overstepping the line. It is as if the motion of the waves had entered the poet's soul and flung out the lines in an uninterrupted flow, now towering up and next sinking down. It is a task that would have been impossible for anyone but a genius to accomplish. Here is an example called "Questions," and is interesting in more ways than one because it shows us some of those momentous questions which at the time occupied the poet's mind.

By the sea, by the stormy sea at night
Stands a youthful man,
His breast filled with sadness, his head with doubts,
And with sombre lips he is asking the waves :

"Oh solve me the riddle of life,
 The torturing riddle of ages,
 Over which have pondered so many heads;
 Heads under hieroglyphic hats,
 Heads under turbans and cardinals' caps;
 Wig-covered heads and thousand others.
 Poor perspiring human heads—
 Tell me, what is the meaning of man?
 Whence does he come? Whereto does he go?
 Who dwells above on the golden stars?"
 The waves everlastingly mumble and murmur.
 Fresh blows the wind. The clouds pass by.
 The stars are glitt'ring indifferent and cold,
 And a fool waits for an answer.

That Heine, however, himself knew that there was more to be learnt by the study of Nature than could be gathered from the dry-as-dust speculations of philosophers, he gives an example of in one of his prose writings, "The Town of Lucca," when he has the following humorous discourse with a lizard:—Having accidentally mentioned Hegel and Schelling to the old lizard, the latter asks, with a mocking smile, what Heine thought of them. After Heine, in his serio-comic manner, has tried to give an idea of the two different schools, the lizard says: "Well, well, I see what you mean; but tell me—Have these philosophers any audience?" Heine explains how, in the learned caravan-sary at Berlin, the camels gather round the well of Hegel's wisdom and kneel down before it to have the most precious leather bottles laden on their back, wherewith they stalk through the Markish sandy desert, and how, further, the new Athenians press round the fountain of Schelling's spiritual draughts, as if it had been the very best beer, the elixir of life, or quaffs of immortality. The little philosopher became quite yellow with envy on hearing what congregations his colleagues enjoyed. Vexed, he asked: "Which of the two do you consider the greater?" Heine replies that it was not easy to decide, no more than

which (he names two famous singers of the time) was greater, but, continues he: "I think—" "Think!" cried out the lizard, in a sharp tone of contempt, "think! Who of you thinks? My wise sir, already for more than 3,000 years have I investigated the spiritual functions of animals. I have especially made men, apes, and snakes the objects of my study. I have spent as much labour on these peculiar creatures as Lyonnet has spent over the willow caterpillar, and the result of my observations, experiments, and anatomical comparisons is that I can assure you no man thinks. Now and then something will strike him, and such quite accidental conceit he calls thoughts, and to chain them together he calls to think. But you may repeat on my authority that no man thinks, no philosopher thinks, neither Schelling nor Hegel think, and as regards their philosophy, it is nothing but pure air and water, like the clouds under the sky. I have seen innumerable such clouds proudly and stately sail over my head, and the next morning's sun has dissolved them into their original nothing. There is only one true philosophy, and that is written in eternal hieroglyphics on my own tail." With these words, spoken with a disdainful pathos, the old lizard turned its back on me, and as it slowly wriggled along I saw on it the most wonderful characters written all over it, signs that in many-coloured significance could be traced all along its back.

As so often with Heine, the slightest occurrence will set him thinking, thus he sees a lizard by the wayside, and it enters into his imagination as he is musing over the two German philosophers. As he sees the lizard wriggle past he ponders over how wonderful are the secrets of Nature to him who can see them, and what poor stuff all the dry reasoning of the German philosophic school is in comparison. Many of Heine's countrymen have thought, and

still to-day think, him frivolous because he clothes his thought so often in humorous sketches when he gives full play to his wonderful imagination, combined with a keen, logical wit, but behind the mask of frivolity there is a very earnest, sympathetic face, full of tender sadness over the inequality in the conditions of our human life. When he is roused to passion against the mediæval school and its superstitions, or against the prerogatives of the privileged classes, it is because he feels how they have kept the poor in bondage and serfdom. Heine's wit has by several critics been compared with that of Aristophanes, and he has himself considered it an honour to imitate the great Greek, as is shown when he says, towards the close in his satiric epic "Germany," that the noblest graces have tuned his lyre's strings, and that this lyre is the same which once his father played on, the sainted Aristophanes, the darling of the Muses. It is, of course, not in the form of his poetry that there is any likeness, but in the spirit of his wit, its very recklessness and immodesty combined with the high lyrical grace, and he is not afraid where he intends to hit an adversary to use means which other poets would recoil from. A striking instance of this is his literary warfare against Platen, which raised a general outcry against Heine, and, still, was he, after all, so very wrong? Though Platen never intended it, he has in his imitation of Sadi's and Hafiz's poetry given voice in praise of a vice that is peculiar to this Eastern poetry. It was indiscreet of Platen to attack Heine and his friend Immermann in his "Romantic Œdipus," wherein he imitates the outer form and the coarse manner of Aristophanes without his wit. Platen, with his sombre and embittered spirit, was no match for the poet who, of all moderns, comes nearest to the Greek satirist. A more humorous vein of wit is struck by Heine in the famous satiric epic "Atta

Troll," which is directed against the clumsy antics of the German poetry of the 'forties, represented by the bear Atta Troll and his family. Heine wrote it, as he himself says, in the preface to while away some leisure hours for his own enjoyment. He satirises in an inimitable way the leathern poetry of the King of Bavaria and of the poets of the Swabian school; clericals and communistic socialists, misanthropes and revolutionists of the well-known German jingo type, and makes the bear the mouthpiece of all these different tendencies. Freiligrath's poem, "The Moorish King," where he compares the armoured prince stepping out of his white tent to an eclipsed moon breaking out of white clouds, has very happily been ridiculed by Heine. Heine tells how in the Jardin des Plantes he comes across a negro who attends to the animals, and who discovers himself to the poet as Freiligrath's Moorish King. He has married a cook from Alsace, whose feet remind him of the elephants of his home, and whose French recalls to his ears the nigger language of his native place. The cook has fed him so well that he has got a little round stomach which glitters through his white shirt like an eclipsed moon out of white clouds. In another place, in the famous Ronceval Valley, where the poet gives us a wonderful vision of the wild hunt on St. John's Night, he finds a pug dog in the hut of the witch Uraka. During the absence of the witch and her spectral son, Lascaro, this pug dog discovers himself to the poet as a poor Swabian poet who has been changed by the amorous old witch into a dog. Heine asks the pug whether he cannot help him in any way, and the pug replies that he is condemned until the Day of Judgment to remain what he is unless a pure immaculate maiden, on the night of St. Silvester, can read through Gustav Pfizer's poems without falling asleep over them. Heine is very sorry

that he cannot undertake this difficult mission, because, first of all, is he not a pure maiden, and, secondly, it would be quite impossible for him to read Gustav Pfizer's poems without going to sleep. His second great satiric poem, "The Winter Fairy Tale, Germany," is throughout political, and requires, thoroughly to enjoy it, a fairly close acquaintance with the political and social relations in Germany at that time. Heine had hoped that a general revolution would break out in Germany which should do for his fatherland what the French Revolution had done for France, but, as we all know, this never came to pass. The Frankfort Diet, instead of assisting towards a freer development of social and political conditions, became the handmaiden of the reactionary tendencies inspired by Austria and Prussia. Especially the latter kingdom became the target of Heine's satire, as he considered the Prussian King, whose kingdom principally was restored through the faithful devotedness of its sons, who, for its sake, had sacrificed both their best blood and their treasure, did not fulfil his promise to give his people the free constitution which it was entitled to, and he attacked the Prussian King with a bitter hate that has never been forgotten. As I mentioned before Börne and his friends accused Heine of having fallen away from the cause of freedom. That this, however, was not the case he proves fully here, and one of the most humorous addresses on that point is his speech to the wolves in the German forest, wherein he is travelling in the depth of winter, and one of the wheels goes off the coach. The whole speech is held in the tone of an after-dinner speech by a distinguished party leader, and is in its way quite unique. He begins by telling the wolves how happy he is to find himself once more amongst them, and to find so many of them greeting him with loving howls. This is an unforgettable moment, and the beau-

tiful hour will always be enshrined in his memory. "Fellow-wolves, I thank you for your confidence. Never you doubt me or believe it if any rogue tells you that I have gone over to the dogs, or that I have fallen away and become a counsellor in the sheepfold. That sheepskin coat which he is wearing is only to keep out the cold. He never cared for the joys of a sheep, and he will always remain a wolf and howl with them." The examples of Heine's wit are endless. That he has not deigned always to lash his adversaries as he originally intended is best shown by his suppressing the chapter in "Atta Troll" where the bird Hut Hut tells how Salomon and Balkis after death give each other riddles to solve. Who may be the greatest wretch in all the thirty-six confederated states of Germany? Balkis sends round, but whenever she returns to Salomon with the tale that she has found an extraordinary wretch the reply is always the same: "Child, there is one still greater." The inference is, of course, that there is no end to the amount of wretches that you can fish out of that sea of universal worthlessness. Since Heine's arrival in Paris his literary war is continuous, and what further embittered him against his opponents was the continual cutting down of his works by the strict censorship, a censorship so rigorous that it even prohibited the introduction of his works into Germany before they were written. The last eight years of the poet's life was one continual martyrdom. In 1848 he felt the first signs of a spinal consumption, which paralysed his legs, then spread to his hands and arms, and at last to his face, and made him totally blind. It is perfectly astonishing how under all these sufferings he was able to retain his spirits as he did and to write such charming poetry. We seem but here and there to get a glimpse of what he

suffered, as in that little poem which forms the preface of the cycle called "Lamentations."

A flighty jade is happiness,
And nowhere long she cares to stay.
She'll stroke thy hair with a caress,
Then kiss thee quick and flit away.
Whereas misfortune likes to tarry,
She hugs thee in most loving way.
She says, "Oh dear, she has no hurry,"
And sits down by your bed—to stay.

The man who wrote that knew from personal experience what misfortune was. With his French wife, the natural daughter of a French nobleman (her maiden name was Crescentia Eugenie Mirat) he lived, notwithstanding the difference between their ages, very happily, and she tended him with loving care during his long and fatal illness, but though he has dedicated some charming poems to her, she hardly touched the deepest strings in the poet's soul. Otherwise was it with a young German lady, Elise von Krienitz, who in the autumn of 1855, returning to Paris from Vienna, called on Heine with greetings from the composer, Vesque von Putlingen. This young lady, who has later become known in France as a writer under the fictitious name Camille Selden, was at the time about 28 years old. She is described as being a blue-eyed blonde, and endowed with a graceful manner that at once won Heine's heart. In a short time she became quite indispensable to him, and to her we owe one of the finest poems which we have from the poet's pen. According to A. Meissner, it was the last which the poet wrote, and was composed only a few weeks before his death. It is called "To the Mouche."

There has been much discussion about Heine's religious faith during the last years of his life. In the heyday of his younger years he was no doubt a freethinker, but when

sickness visited him he must have felt a yearning for a reconciliation with the God of his forefathers, as we learn that he, when he had become totally blind, often asked to have parts of the Bible read out to him, and though he never would acknowledge that he had returned to the Jewish faith, may we not conclude that he had made his peace with his Maker if the story is correct that, when a few days before his death a friend asked him whether he should not send for a clergyman, he replied: "Dieu me pardonnera, c'est son metier?"





TWO TRANSLATIONS FROM HEINE.

BY HENRY GANNON.

AUF DEM HARDENBERGE.

Burst, oh heart, thy stony portals!
Rise ye dreams of old again!
Songs of joy and tears of sadness
Rush tumultuous through my brain.

Mid the Pine trees will I wander,
Where the merry fountain springs,
Where the stately deer are browsing,
Where the tuneful throstle sings.

On the mountain will I clamber,
On the steepest craggy height,
Where the grey old castle's ruins
Stand in rosy morning light.

There I'll lay me down and ponder
On the deeds of ancient date,
Of those past and glorious races,
And of vanished pomp and state.

Grass now overgrows the tiltyard
Where the gallant champion fought,
Fought and overthrew the strongest,
Then the prize of valour sought.

From the balcony hangs ivy,
Where the fair one stood on high,
Who the doughty victor vanquished
With a glance of her bright eye.

Ah! the victor and the lady
Conquered are by death's strong hand—
This grim knight of scythe and hour-glass
Flings us all upon the sand.

KINDER IDYLLE.

My dear, we once were children,
Two youngsters blithe and gay,
We crept into the hencote,
And hid ourselves under the hay.

We imitated the cock-crow,
And when people were passing near
Cried "kikeriki," and they fancied
'Twas the song of chanticleer.

The chests in the yard we papered,
And made them cosy and gay,
And we dwelt therein together,
In quite a stylish way.

Our neighbour's old grey tabby
Would often pay us a call;
We made her our bows and curtsies,
And compliments and all.

And then we'd ask so anxiously
About her health and all that,—
How oft since then have we said the same
To many another old cat.

Like wise old folk we'd sit and talk,
And prove in various ways
How things were very much better
In our earlier days.

How love and truth and goodness
Had fled from the human race,
How coffee was getting dearer,
And money was getting scarce!

They have gone those plays of our childhood,
And all things are going, forsooth—
The world and the pelf and time itself,
And faith and love and truth.



